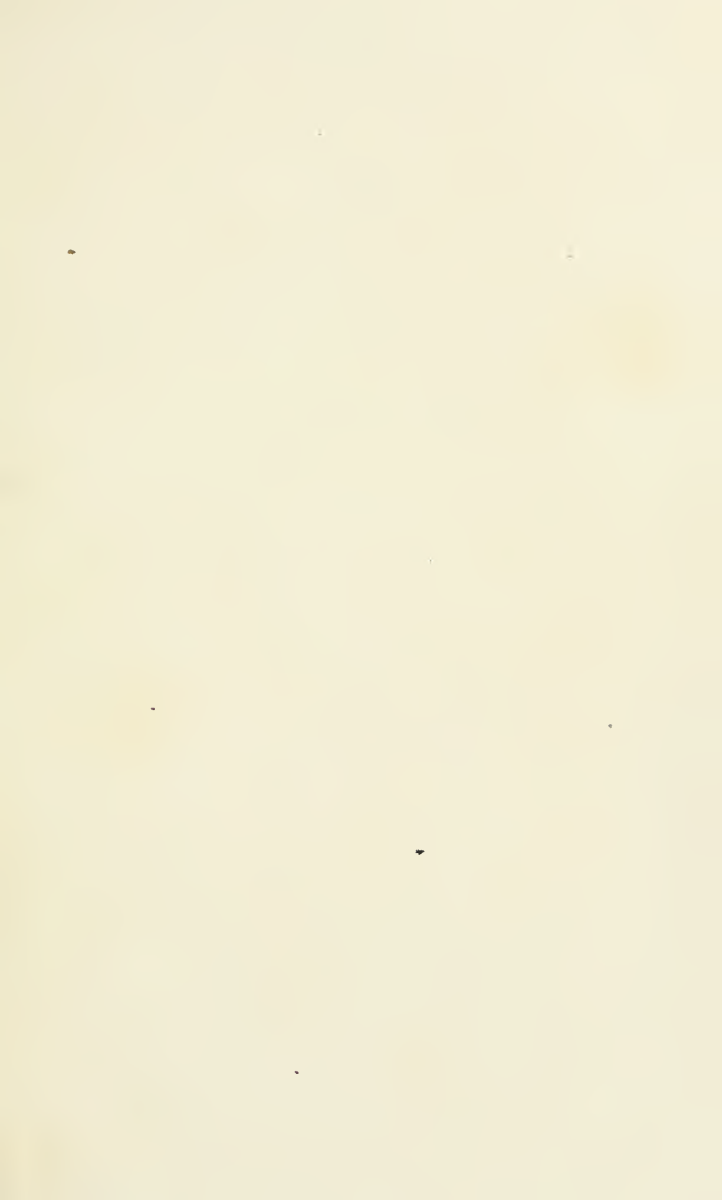


INTERMEDIATE READER ;  
OR,  
PRIMARY SCHOOL FIRST CLASS BOOK ;  
WITH  
ELEMENTARY EXERCISES  
IN  
ARTICULATION  
AND  
THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION ;  
DESIGNED TO FOLLOW THE "INTRODUCTION," AND TO  
PRECEDE THE "GRADUAL READER."

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NEW-YORK :  
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BY DAVID B. TOWER, A. M.  
AUTHOR OF "INTELLECTUAL ALGEBRA," "GRADUAL LESSONS IN GRAMMAR,"  
"SEQUEL TO LESSONS IN GRAMMAR," "GRADUAL SPELLER,"  
AND A SERIES OF READING BOOKS

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60 JOHN-STREET.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE "PRIMER" and "INTRODUCTION" were prepared from a conviction that the training requisite for acquiring distinctness of utterance, to be most efficacious, should begin in the Primary School; and that the organs of speech, in their development and growth, should early be habituated to accuracy. In furtherance of this plan, there seemed to be needed, between the "Introduction" and the "Gradual Reader," an *intermediate step*, which should contain, for daily practice, a *regular system* of "Exercises in Articulation" for Primary Schools, such as had been put forth in the Gradual Reader, in 1841, for more advanced pupils.

In this book, condensed into a small compass, will be found the requisite Exercises upon the Vowel and Consonant elements and their combinations, in the only shape in which, by the decision of teachers, they can be of any use to the pupil. The *element*, or *combination* of elements, is given first; then, *words* containing the same; and, lastly, a *sentence* in which some word is used illustrating the *same* element or combination. These exercises are intended as a species of vocal gymnastics, as necessary for training and strengthening the organs of utterance, as bodily exercise is for developing muscular power.

Since the first publication of the "Exercises in Articulation," attention has been turned to this subject so effectually, that teachers are now expected to exercise their pupils in uttering distinctly the words they attempt to read. With the hope of facilitating their labors, and rendering them more successful, this work has been prepared for the first class in Primary Schools, and for Intermediate Schools.

Besides the elementary instruction in Articulation, it was deemed advisable to embody a few exercises on the *rising* and *falling inflections*, and an illustration of *emphasis* by examples, with a view of more effectually turning the attention of a valuable class of teachers to a few of the simple elements of reading.

For a complete system of "Exercises in Articulation," the teacher is respectfully referred to the "Gradual Reader," and to the "Gradual Speller," which, it will be seen, is an extension of the plan of the Exercises in the Gradual Reader to the words needed in teaching orthography and pronunciation.

In the "North American, First and Second Class Readers," teachers will find a practical illustration of all the various functions of the voice, even in the higher elements of expression.

D. B. T

Boston, 22 Beacon Street, May, 1848.

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# EXERCISES

## IN

### ARTICULATION.

---

[Let the class simultaneously repeat after the teacher the *words* and *elements* *Italicized* in them alternately, and finally the *sentences*, solely with reference to correct articulation of the elementary sounds.]

#### VOWEL ELEMENTS.

1. Long slender sound of A, (*ā* or *â*), as in *ale*, *fame*, *aim*, *play*, *obey*, *freight*, *break*, *gauge*.

Our *age* is but a shade, our life a tale.

2. Italian or flat sound of A, (*â* or *à*), as in *bar*, *car*, *far*, *father*, *lard*, *psalm*, *laugh*, *launch*, *heart*, *guard*.

The *calm* shade will bring a kindred *calm*, and the sweet breeze will waft a *balm* to the sick *heart*.

3. Long broad sound of A, (*aw* or *â*), as in *all*, *ball*, *water*, *warm*, *bauble*, *law*, *broad*, *ought*, *wash*.

Of *all* that is holy, holiest is the good man's *pall*.

4. The short sound of A, (*ă or ȁ*,) as in *man, mat, at, partial, plaided.*

The good man has a perpetual Sabbath.

5. The short broad sound of A, (*á or ȁ*, like *ö or ô*,) as in *was, wad, walnut, quality, laurel.*

The quality of mercy is not strained.

6. The modified sound of long A, when followed by *r*, (*à or ȁ*,) as in *dare, air, care, fair, their, pear.*

All things *fair* and bright are Thine.

7. The long sound of E, (*ē or è*,) as in *me, evil, sea, receipt, deer, fear, key, grief, marine, people.*

From *each* terrestrial bondage set me free.

8. The short sound of E, (*ě or ê*,) as in *met, men, end, head, said, again, says, friend, heifer, leopard, guess, any, many, bury, error, merit.*

Still let my steady soul Thy goodness see.

9. The modified sound of E followed by *r*, (*ê or ê*,) as in *her, term, fern, mercy, sir, first, fur, burr, over, every.*

Mercy wept over her prostrate shrine.

A fretful temper will wince at every touch.

Many a flower is born to blush unseen.



10. The long sound of I, (*ī or i,*) as in *time, ice, pies, fly, height, buy, guide, rye, aisle, eye.*

Bright is the light of a good man's smile.

11. The short sound of I, (*ĭ or i,*) as in *pin, if, timid, captain, forfeit, biscuit, been, sieve, mystery, carriage, busy.*

I will worship the *Invisible* alone.

12. The long open sound of O, (*ō or o,*) as in *ode, no, roll, oak, floor, foes, four, dough, snow, bureau, shew, sew, yeoman.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.

13. The long close sound of O, (*oo or o,*) as in *move, do, lose, boot, soup, shoes.*

Dreadful is their doom whom doubt has driven to censure fate.

14. The broad modified sound of O when followed by *r*, (*ô or o,*) as in *nor, for, morn, horse, or, forlorn, storm.*

I come from the hills of the stormy north.

15. The short sound of O, (*ö or ô,*) as in *not, on, odd, cough, softly, gone.*

The sun has gone where the eye cannot follow him.

16. The sound of O like short *u*, (*ũ, û, or ô,*)

as in *son, done, love, none, blood, trouble, covetous, nation, does, ocean, vicious, front, courage, come.*

The land we love so well was bought with blood.

17. The long slender sound of *U*, (*ũ or ũ,*) as in *tune, cube, blue, suit, new, view, adieu, neuter, beauty.*

There is music in the deep blue sky.

18. The short sound of *U*, (*ũ or ũ,*) as in *tub, up, dull, tun, muff, ruffle.*

The summer gay droops into pallid autumn.

19. The sound of *U*, like the short close sound of *O*, (*û or ũ,*) as in *pull, full, push, cuckoo, wolf, book, good, foot, would.*

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

20. The sound of *U* preceded by *r*, like the long close sound of *o*, (*oo or ũ,*) as in *rule, true, rude, bruise, group.*

The true man loves the golden rule.

21. The sound of *OI*, as in *soil, oil, voice, boy, joys.*

Ambition scoffs at useful toil and homely joys.


22. The sound of *OU*, as in *out, round, loud, bound, vow, now.*

Faith looks beyond life's narrow bound.

## TABLE I.

*Review of Vowel Elements.*

1. . . .	à, . . .	ale . . .	name . .	late . . .	ā
2. . . .	â, . . .	bar . . .	car . . .	farm . .	â
3. . . .	ã, . . .	all . . .	ball . . .	fall . . .	aw
4. . . .	â, . . .	mat . .	bat . . .	man . .	ă
5. . . .	ã, . . .	wad . .	wan . . .	wash . .	á
6. . . .	â, . . .	dare . .	care . .	fair . . .	à
7. . . .	è, . . .	me . . .	mête . .	mere . .	ē
8. . . .	ê, . . .	men . .	met . . .	let . . .	ě
9. . . .	ê, . . .	her . . .	term . .	fern . .	ê
10. . . .	î, . . .	ice . . .	pine . .	mine . .	ī
11. . . .	î, . . .	in . . .	pin . . .	pit . . .	ĩ
12. . . .	ò, . . .	no . . .	note . .	ode . . .	ō
13. . . .	ô, . . .	move .	do . . .	lose . .	oo
14. . . .	ô, . . .	nor . . .	for . . .	morn . .	ô
15. . . .	ô, . . .	on . . .	not . . .	odd . . .	ǒ
16. . . .	ô, . . .	son . . .	done . .	love . .	ũ
17. . . .	û, . . .	tube . .	tune . .	lute . . .	ū
18. . . .	û, . . .	tub . . .	tun . . .	up . . .	ũ
19. . . .	û, . . .	pull . .	full . . .	bush . .	û
20. . . .	û, . . .	rule . .	rude . .	true . . .	oo
21. . . .	oi, . .	oil . . .	join . .	voice . .	oi
22. . . .	ou, . .	out . . .	loud . .	bound .	ou

 In Table II., (p. 14,) utter the short *vowel*; then the *syllable*, *prolonging* the consonant element; and lastly the *consonant element alone*.

## TABLE II.

*Exercises on the Consonant Elements.*

23. . . .	ă, ăb,	b	. . .	ö, öb,	b	. . .	ű, űb,	b
24. . . .	ă, ăd,	d	. . .	ö, öd,	d	. . .	ű, űd,	d
25. . . .	ă, ăf,	f	. . .	ö, öf,	f	. . .	ű, űf,	f
26. . . .	ă, ăg,	g	. . .	ö, ög,	g	. . .	ű, űg,	g
27. . . .	ă, ăk,	k	. . .	ö, ök,	k	. . .	ű, űk,	k
28. . . .	ă, ăl,	l	. . .	ö, öl,	l	. . .	ű, űl,	l
29. . . .	ă, ăm,	m	. . .	ö, öm,	m	. . .	ű, űm,	m
30. . . .	ă, ăn,	n	. . .	ö, ön,	n	. . .	ű, űn,	n
31. . . .	ă, ăp,	p	. . .	ö, öp,	p	. . .	ű, űp,	p
32. . . .	ă, ăr,	r <sup>(1)</sup>	. . .	ö, ör,	r	. . .	ű, őr,	r
33. . . .	ă, ăs,	s	. . .	ö, ös,	s	. . .	ű, űs,	s
34. . . .	ă, ăt,	t	. . .	ö, öt,	t	. . .	ű, űt,	t
35. . . .	ă, ăv,	v	. . .	ö, öv,	v	. . .	ű, űv,	v
36. . . .	ă, ăz,	z	. . .	ö, öz,	z	. . .	ű, űz,	z
37. . . .	ă, ăng,	ng	. . .	ö, öng,	ng	. . .	ű, űng,	ng
38. . . .	ă, ăsh,	sh	. . .	ö, ösh,	sh	. . .	ű, űsh,	sh
39. . . .	ă, ăth,	th <sup>(2)</sup>	. . .	ö, öth,	th	. . .	ű, űth,	th
40. . . .	ă, ăth,	th <sup>(3)</sup>	. . .	ö, öth,	th	. . .	ű, űth,	th
41. . . .	ă, ăx,	x <sup>(4)</sup>	. . .	ö, öx,	x	. . .	ű, űx,	x
42. . . .	ă, ăx,	x <sup>(5)</sup>	. . .	ö, öx,	x	. . .	ű, űx,	x
43. . . .	ă, ăzh,	zh	. . .	ö, özh,	zh	. . .	ű, űzh,	zh
44. . . .	ă, ăj,	j <sup>(6)</sup>	. . .	ö, öj,	j	. . .	ű, űj,	j
45. . . .	ă, ărăn,	r <sup>(7)</sup>	. . .	ö, röđ,	r	. . .	ű, rűn,	r

(1) *r* as in *warm*. (2) *th* as in *thin*. (3) *th* as in *this*. (4) *x* like *ks*, as in *fix*. (5) *x* like *gz*, as in *exact*. (6) *j* like *dzh*, as in *jail*. (7) trilled sound of *r*

## EXERCISES ON THE CONSONANT COMBINATIONS.

[Let the pupils, after the teacher, first utter the *word* containing the combination; next, the *combination* alone; then alternately a *word* and a *combination*; and finally the *sentence* illustrating the combination, solely with reference to *distinct articulation* of the same.]

46. LD ; *mild, field, gold, old, smiled, child.*

Be as a *child* in meek simplicity.

47. LDZ ; *wilds, fields, yields, folds, gilds.*

Drowsy tinklings lull the distant *folds*.

48. LF ; *self, wolf, shelf, gulf, sylph, elf.*

Know then thyself, enough for man to know.

49. LFS ; *gulfs, sylphs, wolf's, elf's.*

Fearless he entered the *wolf's* dreary cave.

50. LK ; *elk, milk, silk, bulk, hulk.*

Blithely the tripping milkmaid sings.

51. LKS ; *elks, silks, milks, bulks, hulks.*

The crawling worm our *silks* bestows.

52. LM ; *elm, realm, film, overwhelm.*

Behold yon row of lofty *elm*-trees.

53. LMS ; *elms, realms, films, overwhelms.*

*Films*, slow gathering, dim the sight.

54. LP ; *pulp, whelp, scalp, help, kelp.*

Let no one ask in vain for *help*.

55. LPS; *alps*, *scalps*, *whelps*, *helps*, *kelps*.

'The *Alps* lift on high their snowy *scalps*.

56. LPT; *scalped*, *helped*, *yelped*.

Virtue *helped* him to a desirable station.

57. LDZH; *bilge*, *indulge*, *bulge*, *divulge*.

*Indulge* no useless, idle wish.

58. LS; *false*, *else*, *pulse*, *impulse*, *convulse*

'The languid *pulse* beats wearily.

59. LST; *ruł'st*, *fill'st*, *roll'st*, *convulsed*.

'Thou *fill'st* existence with 'Thyself alone.

60. LT; *melt*, *wilt*, *bolt*, *guilt*, *shalt*, *fault*.

Misery is ever wed to *guilt*.

61. LTS; *bolts*, *melts*, *faults*, *tumults*, *stilts*.

Repel the assaults of discontent and doubt.

62. LTH; *wealth*, *health*, *stealth*, *filth*.

Temperance is the poor man's *wealth*.

63. LV; *twelve*, *valve*, *solve*, *revolve*, *involve*.

Fix thy firm *resolve*, wisdom to seek.

64. LVZ; *valves*, *wolves*, *revolves*, *themselves*

Man *resolves*, and re-*resolves*, yet dies the same.

65. LZ; *boils*, *toils*, *rules*, *fools*, *angels*, *balls*.

Fools will rush in where *angels* fear to tread.

66. MD; *named*, *seemed*, *doomed*, *illumed*.

Let us keep the soul *embalmed* in living virtue.

67. MF ; *nymph, lymph, triumph.*

These times to Europe's fate will set the  
*triumph* seal.

68. MFS ; *nymphs, triumphs.*

What are man's *triumphs* when they  
brightest seem ?

69. MP ; *pomp, lamp, lump, swam̄p, tramp.*

How poor earth's *pomp* with heaven compared !

70. MT ; *prompt, contempt, stamped, pumped.*

Be ever *prompt* to answer duty's call.

71. MTS ; *tempts, prompts, attempts.*

All *attempts* to do right are rewarded.

72. MZ ; *gems, plums, comes, tombs, names.*

The place seems hallowed by the deeds of  
other *times*.

73. ND ; *end, land, bound, stunned, twined.*

With heart *and* hand I will by thee stand.

74. NDZ ; *ends, lands, sounds, minds, bonds.*

The rivulet *sends* forth glad sounds.

75. NDST ; *bend'st, send'st, found'st, mind'st.*

In a sevenfold twine thou *bend'st* thy  
arch.

76. NG \* ; *song, ring, sang, raging, painting.*

Those solemn tones are *ringing* in my ear.

\* *n* has a ringing sound before *g* and *k*.

77. NGD ; *wronged, winged, thronged.*

The snowy-winged plover skims over the deep.

78. NGZ ; *songs, fangs, rings, blessings.*

Peace scatters blessings from her dewy wings.

79. NGST ; *ring'st, wrong'st, sing'st, amongst.*

Thine is a strain to read amongst the hills.

80. NGTH ; *strength, length.*

Like a wounded snake it drags its slow length along.

81. NGK\* ; *rank, drink, bank, think.*

Fruits were his food, his drink the crystal well.

82. NGKS ; *ranks, drinks, lynx, pranks.*

He stood on the banks of the mighty river.

83. NGKST ; *rank'st, drink'st, think'st.*

O, deeper than thou think'st, I have read thy heart.

84. NGKT ; *ranked, precinct, winked, linked.*

God must be thanked, from whom all blessings flow.

85. NDZH ; *hinge, range, cringe, revenge.*

But with a frown, Revenge, impatient, rose

\* *n* has a ringing sound before *g* and *k*.



86. NDZHD ; *changed, fringed, revenged.*

The pine is *fringed* with a softer green.

87. NS ; *sense, incense, defence, glance.*

The fire-flies *glance* through the myrtle boughs.

88. NST ; *canst, against, own'st, incensed.*

No more shall nation rise *against* nation.

89. NT ; *tent, aunt, rant, mint, went, front.*

A twilight gloom pervades the *distant* hills.

90. NTS ; *tents, aunts, rants, events, wants.*

Be wise as *serpents* and harmless as doves.

91. NTSH ; *bench, launch, flinch, avalanche.*

Now, *launch* the boat upon the wave.

92. NTH ; *tenth, month, ninth, labyrinth.*

A *labyrinth* of ruins, Babylon spreads over the blasted plain.

93. NTHS ; *tenths, months, ninths, hyacinths.*

Days, *months*, and years glide swiftly by.

94. NTST ; *want'st, haunt'st, rant'st.*

Why *haunt'st* thou the land where thy kindred sleep ?

95. NZ ; *lens, means, vanes, remains, wins.*

Slow and steady always *wins* the race.

96. RB ; *orb, garb, curb, absorb, verb, herb.*

*Curb*, O, *curb* thy headlong speed.

97. RBD ; *orbed, curbed, absorbed, disturbed.*  
The lake is *garbed* in sunless majesty.
98. RBZ ; *orbs, curbs, verbs, disturbs.*  
Not a breath *disturbs* the deep serene.
99. RD ; *bird, cord, absurd, reward, word.*  
Guard well thy sail from passion's sudden  
    blasts.
100. RDZ ; *birds, bards, rewards, herds, cords.*  
Such silver *cords* to earth have bound me.
101. RF ; *turf, wharf, scarf, dwarf, surf.*  
Green be the *turf* above thy grave.
102. RFS ; *turfs, scarfs, dwarfs, serfs.*  
Dwarfs shall then to giants grow.
103. RDZH ; *large, verge, charge, enlarge.*  
Large was his recompense, his soul sincere.
104. RDZHD ; *urged, charged, diverged.*  
Not a soldier *discharged* his farewell shot.
105. RK ; *ark, lark, embark, monarch, work.*  
Rise with the *lark*, and with the *lark* to  
    bed.
106. RKS ; *marks, embarks, dirks, lurks.*  
Celestial mercy *lurks* below that pure  
    serenity of brow.
107. RKST ; *mark'st, work'st, embark'st.*  
Mark'st thou, my son, yon woodsman  
    gray ?

108. RKT ; *marked, lurked, embarked, corked.*  
For this he *worked* the livelong day.
109. RL ; *pearl, girl, snarl, whirlpool, curl.*  
There's not a breath the blue wave to  
*curl.*
110. RLD ; *world, curled, gnarled, unfurled.*  
A gilded insect to the *world* he seemed.
111. RLZ ; *pearls, curls, whirls, snarls, girls.*  
How glitter the *pearls* of the dewy night !
112. RLST ; *curl'st, whirl'st, furl'st, snarl'st.*  
There thou unfurl'st thy joyous wings.
113. RM ; *arm, warm, charm, storm, alarm.*  
Hast thou a *charm*, to stay the morning  
star ?
114. RMD ; *armed, harmed, alarmed, stormed.*  
*Armed*, say you ? *Armed*, my lord.
115. RMZ ; *arms, worms, forms, charms.*  
The surly *storms* are softened into joy.
116. RN ; *morn, urn, borne, learning, scorn.*  
*Morn* on the waters — the joyous deep !
117. RND ; *burned, warned, discerned.*  
Proudly they *spurned* the gilded yoke.
118. RNZ ; *morns, urns, caverns, scorns.*  
On the golden wave the sunset *burns*  
afar.

119. RP ; *harp, warp, usurp, sharp, carp.*  
In Judah's hall the *harp* is hushed.
120. RPS ; *harps, warps, usurps, carps.*  
They tune their *harps* to songs divine.
121. RPT ; *warped, usurped, carped, harped.*  
War hath *usurped* the peaceful land.
122. RS ; *purse, scarce, horse, fierce, nurse.*  
A *horse!* a *horse!* my kingdom for a  
*horse!*
123. RST ; *first, worst, burst, cursed, pierced.*  
There came a *burst* of thunder sound.
124. RT ; *art, port, heart, impart, report.*  
Act well your *part* — there all the honor  
lies.
125. RTS ; *forts, starts, flirts, courts, arts.*  
Things are not always done by *starts*.
126. RTH ; *earth, north, worth, hearth, mirth.*  
Pay no moment, but in purchase of its  
*worth*.
127. RTSH ; *march, porch, arch, search.*  
In *search* of happiness we onward rush.
128. RV ; *nerve, curve, starve, deserve, swerve.*  
Strain every *nerve* the goal to gain.
129. RVD ; *served, starved, curved, preserved.*  
He never *swerved* from the path of duty

130. RVZ ; *nerves, deserves, curves, starves.*

No monumental stone *preserves* his name

131. RVST ; *curv'st, preserv'st, starv'st.*

I thank thee for that word ; thou *nerv'st*  
my arm.

132. RZ ; *bars, wars, fires, tears, snuffers.*

The wide earth bears no nobler heart.

133. BD ; *probed, ebbcd, stabbed, robed.*

The glow has *ebbed* from his hollow  
cheek.

134. BZ ; *webs, tribes, shrubs, robes, ebbs.*

Arrayed in *robes* the priesthood stand.

135. DZH ; *edge, privilege, image, wedge.*

O for a *lodge* in some vast wilderness !

136. DZHD ; *fledged, judged, presaged.*

Their winglets are *fledged* in the sun's  
hot rays.

137. DST ; *didst, hadst, amidst, tread'st.*

I stand in the *midst* of your merry ring.

138. DTH ; *width, breadth, hundredth.*

The *width* of the stream dismayed us.

139. DTHS ; *breadths, widths, hundredths.*

Four *breadths* of carpet will cover the  
floor.

140. DZ ; *buds, weeds, adze, abodes, shades.*

These *shades* are the *abodes* of innocence.

141. FS ; *whiffs, fives, life's, laughs, griefs.*

Grief's dark cloud may over us roll.

142. FST ; *scoff'st, puff'st, laugh'st.*

Ha ! *laugh'st* thou, Lochiel, my vision to  
scorn ?

143. FT ; *oft, waft, laughed, draught, doffed.*

*Oft* from apparent ill our blessings rise.

144. FTS ; *rafts, draughts, gifts, tufts, lifts.*

Death *lifts* the veil that hides a brighter  
sphere.

145. GD ; *begged, leagued, bragged, wagged.*

The very elements are *leagued* with  
death.

146. GZ ; *logs, rogues, digs, plagues, begs.*

Let these young *rogues* be sent to bed.

147. GST ; *begg'st, digg'st, lagg'st, dragg'st.*

Thou *begg'st* in vain ; no pity melts his  
heart.

148. KS ; *oaks, sticks, lakes, relics, six, axe.*

Ye mouldering relics of departed years !

149. KST ; *next, mixed, wak'st, speak'st.*

Many a holy *text* around she strews.

150. KT ; *sect, locked, baked, prospect, act.*

Each season *looked* delightful as it passed

151. KTS ; *acts, respects, objects, directs.*

Thy lucid ray *directs* my thoughts on  
high.

152. SK ; *skill, task, scan, scheme, casque.*

His *casque* is circled by an ivy wreath.

153. SKS ; *desks, mosques, risks, tasks, asks.*

The scorpion *basks* in palace courts.

154. SKT ; *asked, risked, basked, masked.*

He *risked* his life to save the child.

155. SP ; *span, speed, wasp, lisp, grasp.*

The stubble land was *crisp* with frost.

156. SPT ; *lisped, grasped, clasped.*

Pope *lisped* in numbers, for the numbers came.

157. ST ; *stand, stop, hast, best, noticed.*

*Stand!* the ground's your own, my  
braves.

158. STS ; *lists, coasts, tastes, beasts, crests.*

The sounding darts in iron tempests flew.

159. THD\* ; *breathed, soothed, bathed.*

His manly lip was wreathed with smiles.

160. THZ\* ; *bathes, tithes, paths, writhes.*

The *paths* of glory lead but to the grave.

161. TSH ; *charm, choose, rich, catch, touch*

Youth is not *rich* in time ; it may be  
poor.

162. TS ; *hats, notes, spots, flute's, writes.*

The *flute's* soft *notes* fall gently on the  
ear.

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\* See § 40.

163. VD ; *waved, reproved, loved, saved.*

Hope, enchanted, *waved* her golden hair.

164. VZ ; *waves, lives, groves, leaves, loves.*

The *groves* were God's first temples.

165. VST ; *mov'st, rav'st, lov'st, reprov'st.*

Weigh well thy words ere thou *giv'st*  
them breath.

166. ZD ; *gazed, raised, prized, exposed.*

Thus *disguised*, I traversed my native  
hills.

167. BL ; *blind, noble, blemish, bubble.*

How *blessings* brighten as they take their  
flight !

168. BLD ; *fabled, doubled, hobbled, garbled*

'Tis but the *fabled* landscape of a lay.

169. BLZ ; *warbles, troubles, nobles, pebbles.*

The lark there *warbles* his heaven-tuned  
lay.

170. DL ; *handle, cradle, saddle, kindle.*

It would not pay for *candle*-light.

171. DLD ; *kindled, saddled, ladled, cradled*

His days are *dwindled* to the shortest  
span.

172. DLZ ; *bundles, paddles, ladles, candles*

The Indian *paddles* his light canoe.



173. FL ; *flame, flight, trifle, baffle, scuffle*  
This world is all a *fleeting* show.
174. FLD ; *muffled, baffled, ruffled, trifled*.  
He *shuffled* along with slip-shod pace.
175. FLZ ; *rifles, ruffles, baffles, shuffles*.  
Not to know some *trifles* is a praise.
176. GL ; *glove, eagle, struggle, gloom*.  
From thicket to thicket the angler *glides*.
177. GLD ; *jingled, mangled, struggled*.  
We gazed on the *spangled* canopy.
178. GLZ ; *eagles, juggles, spangles, shingles*.  
There the wild foxes howl and the eagles  
cry.
179. KL ; *cling, wrinkle, cliff, circle, chloride*.  
The sea-gems *sparkle* in the depths be-  
low.
180. KLD ; *sparkled, chronicled, wrinkled*.  
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his  
*wrinkled* front.
181. KLZ ; *sparkles, circles, uncles, twinkles*.  
It *sparkles* like a gem of the starry sky.
182. PL ; *plume, plan, purple, people, ripple*.  
The *ploughman* homeward *plods* his  
weary way.
183. PLD ; *dimpled, dappled, trampled*.  
His dust lies *trampled* in the noiseless  
ground.

184. PLZ ; *temples, apples, dimples, ripples.*

Old Age has on his *temples* shed her silver  
frost.

185. PLST ; *trampl'st, rippl'st, scrupl'st.*

Thou *trampl'st* in scorn on the lowly  
flower.

186. SL ; *slime, sleep, muscle, whistle, slope.*

*Slow* tolls the village clock the drowsy  
hour.

187. SLZ ; *bristles, muscles, whistles.*

The grass *rustles* drearily over his urn.

188. SLD ; *whistled, nestled, rustled, wrestled.*

He *whistled* a tune as he strode the fields  
along.

189. SM ; *smile, smoke, smooth, small.*

A fresher green the *smiling* leaves display.

190. SN ; *snow, sneer, lessen, person, listen.*

How soft the moonlight falls upon the  
*snow* !

191. SNZ ; *glistens, hastens, lessens, listens.*

How the eye of Beauty *glistens*, when  
music awakes her inmost soul !

192. SND ; *lessened, glistened, hastened.*

He *listened* to the music of the spheres.

193. TL ; *title, battle, gentle, startle, little.*

Round me the smoke and shouts of battle roll.

194. TLD ; *titled, startled, rattled, prattled.*

He prattled in accents void of guile.

195. TLZ ; *mantles, kettles, battles, titles.*

The warm blood mantles on his cheek.

196. VL ; *evil, shovel, grovel, swivel.*

Our hopes still grovel in this dark sojourn.

197. VLZ ; *evils, shovels, shrivels, grovels.*

So shrivels the leaf in the autumn blast.

198. ZL ; *puzzle, dazzle, mistletoe, hazel.*

The mistletoe bough yet hangs in the hall.

199. ZLD ; *puzzled, dazzled, drizzled.*

My eyes are dazzled with rustling flame.

200. ZLZ ; *puzzles, dazzles, drizzles.*

The lawyer sage still puzzles o'er a doubt.

201. ZN ; *prison, crimson, frozen, brazen.*

He sinks exhausted on the frozen ground.

202. ZNZ ; *prisons, seasons, blazons, reason's.*

Once more the ice imprisons thy proud tide.

203. BR ; *brave, bride, embroil, breathe.*

Ocean's *broad breast* was covered with  
his fleet.

204. DR ; *drive, dress, dreamer, kindred.*

True wit is nature, to advantage *dressed.*

205. FR ; *frame, afraid, refresh, frenzy.*

Labor is but refreshment from repose.

206. GR ; *grind, grace, engrave, groves.*

The groves of Eden yet look green in  
song.

207. KR ; *kraken, crime, across, crown.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a *crown.*

208. PR ; *prompt, praise, reproof, imprint.*

Those best can bear reproof who merit  
*praise.*

209. THR ; *thrice, enthrone, three, thraldom.*

He is *thrice* armed that hath his quarrel  
just.

210. SHR ; *shrine, shrub, shriek, shrouds.*

How Freedom *shrieked* when Kosciusko  
fell.

211. SKR ; *scream, scrawl, scrape, scroll.*

The sea-bird's wild *scream* is heard afar.

212. SPR ; *spring, spray, spread, sprightly.*

In *Spring's* footsteps *sprang* herbage and  
flowers.

213. STR; *strife*, *minstrel*, *stretch*, *stream*.

They have *strown* the dust on the sunny  
brow.

214. SF; *sphere*, *spheroid*, *spherical*, *sphinx*.

To whom should we assign the *sphinx's*  
fame?

215. TR; *tribe*, *treble*, *entreat*, *troop*, *traitor*.

True as the steel of their *tried* blades.

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[Pupils should be required to utter the preceding combinations distinctly, and with force and clearness. By a daily gymnastic exercise of the voice in this manner, purity of enunciation can be attained by all. This is so essential to good reading and speaking, that there can be no excuse for the neglect of it. Let the class enunciate *one page* of the preceding exercises every day before the usual course of reading.]

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#### EXERCISES ON DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS OF WORDS.

216. Great care must be used to avoid running words together, so as to blend the closing sound of one word with the initial sound of the succeeding word. This is often the case when the two sounds are similar. Sometimes the closing element is wholly or partly transferred to the succeeding word. This error may

be remedied by making a slight pause, to complete the closing element, before the organs are placed in position for uttering the initial sound of the next word. Thus we should stop to complete the *d* in

Sad angler,

that it may not appear to belong to the word *angler*, as if written

Sad dangler.

Same arrow.

Say marrow.

The same arrow.

The same marrow.

He can gain either.

He can gain neither.

Goodness enters in the heart.

Goodness centres in the heart.

217. Between two words, the first of which ends, and the second begins, with the same sound, there must be a slight stop, otherwise the element cannot be twice uttered; as,

Mad dog,

Wild deer,

Brief fatality,

Big goose,

Black cat,

Thick cane,

Call loudly,

The same man,

When near,

Ripe peaches,

Poor rover,

This seer.

218. When the closing element is a vowel sound, and the next word begins with a consonant, there is less difficulty.

He could pay nobody,  
can easily be uttered so as not to be mistaken for

He could pain nobody.

It requires more care to utter

He could pain nobody,  
so that it may not be mistaken for

He could pay nobody.

His cry moved me.

His crime moved me.

He will pray to any body.

He will prate to any body.

The row proved long.

The rope proved long.

The tea refused to flow.

The tear refused to flow.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill.

Avoid *mist tim*.

There was a tear in her eye.

Avoid, *tear rinner rye*.

Whence and what art thou?

Avoid *when sand*.

Beyond his limits strayed.

Avoid *limit strayed*.

Complete the *ts* before you begin *st*.

He went to Boston.

Complete *t* in *went* before you sound the *t* in *to*

I could not understand him.

Avoid *understan dim*.

I do not think he will want you.

Avoid *wan tshu*.

These few instances will suffice to direct the attention of the teacher to this subject. Care must be taken to point out similar errors whenever they occur. It would be inconsistent with the design of this book to enlarge upon this topic, or to multiply examples.

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### INFLECTIONS OR SLIDES.

219. There are two inflections of the voice, one is called the *rising*, the other the *falling*, inflection.

220. The rising inflection shows that the sense or meaning of the sentence is *suspended*; as,

The sea-bird's wild scream'—

221. The falling inflection shows that the sense is *completed*; as,

The sea-bird's wild scream is heard afar<sup>l</sup>.

222. In deliberately counting six, the first five numbers would be uttered with the rising, and the last with the falling, inflection; as,

One', two', three', four', five', six<sup>l</sup>.

223. The numbers *one, two, three, four*, have the rising inflection because they denote continuation; but it is only the slight elevation of the



voice, implying suspension. The number *five* receives a greater elevation of the voice, not only to show continuation, but also that the next number, *six*, completes the counting. *Six* receives the falling inflection, because it shows that the numbers to be counted are completed.

224. Take the vowels in the same manner:

a', e', i', o', u'.

Aim', feel', time', note', tune'.

Grandeur', strength', and power' are here combined'.

a',

a', e'.

a', e', i'.

a', e', i', o'.

a', e', i', o', u'.

### *Exercises on Inflections.*

Did you go home'? I did'.

Did you see John'? I did not'.

Did you say William', or William'?

Did you say seven', or seven'?

I did not say nine', but nine'.

They did not see two', but three'.

I said nine', not ten'.

He saw three', not two'.

Blessed' are the poor in spirit'.

Blessed' are the meek'.

And now abideth faith', hope', charity\; the three\; but the greatest of these' is charity\.

Hope', the charmer, lingered still behind\.

I am lost in wonder', love', and praise\.

Infancy' rises up to childhood\; childhood' to youth\; youth' passes to manhood\; manhood', to old age\; and old' age', to the grave\.

How will he be able to find me\?

Will John ever find his book\?

225. Questions beginning with a verb require the rising inflection, if they can be answered by *yes* or *no*; the answers take the falling inflection.

Did he say all'? Yes\.

Has he spoken wisely'? No\.

Did you walk alone'? Yes\.

Are you sure' of it? No\.

Can you understand' me? No\.

Did he speak accurately'?

He spoke accurately\.

Is it lawful to do good'?

It is lawful to do good\.

Are you sure' of it?

I am sure\ of it.

226. Questions made by *interrogative* pronouns or adverbs, take the *rising* inflection on the *interrogative word*, but end with the *falling* inflection. Such questions do not admit *yes* or *no* for an answer.

Why' do you treat me so unkindly'?  
 Where' is the lesson to-day'?  
 Who' rang the bell'?  
 Who' hath believed our report'?  
 When' do you expect your brother'?  
 Whose' horse did you ride'?  
 Wherefore' are you sad to-day'?  
 How' can I get at the truth'?  
 What' have you done with the book'?

227. In a sentence consisting of two clauses, one of which is dependent, the first clause generally ends with the *rising*, the last with the *falling*, inflection.

If he was not sustained by hope', no man could endure life'.

I believe him implicitly', because he never yet deceived' me.

Because he never yet deceived' me, I believe him implicitly'.

Man is so constituted', that labor is its own reward'.

228. The subject of a sentence' generally requires a slight rising slide, with a short pause after the elevation.

Virtue' is its own reward.

While hope' remains, there can be no positive misery'.

A man of sense' will avoid such folly'.

The pleasures of the world to come' are eternal'.

The king of France' fell as the fool falleth.

The boy's lesson', however it may be recited, was studied faithfully'.

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### EMPHASIS.

229. Some words require to be uttered in a different manner from the other words in a sentence, to make the sense more plain to the hearer, to show some peculiarity of meaning in the author, and to give life and spirit to what is written.

230. This peculiarity is made known to the hearer by uttering such words abruptly, in a different tone, with varied stress, with a prolonged sound, or with a strong rising or falling inflection. This is called *emphasis*.

231. The importance of placing emphasis upon the right word, to convey the sense and spirit of the author, may be seen in the familiar example,

Do you ride to town to-day?

232. If a man had just remarked, *that he should ride to town to-day*, one who had heard

*imperfectly*, or who was *surprised* at the unexpected intelligence, would ask,

*Do you?* or, *Do you ride to town to-day?*

*Answer.* I really do, or shall.

233. If it was uncertain whether *he* would go, or *some one* in his place, the question asked would be,

*Do you ride to town to-day?*

*Answer.* No<sup>1</sup>; my *brother* will go instead of me.

234. If it was certain the person would go, but the questioner did not understand whether he would *ride* or *walk*, the question asked would be,

*Do you ride to town to-day?*

*Answer.* Yes<sup>1</sup>, if I can obtain a horse.

235. If the fact, that the person would ride somewhere to-day, was clear, the *place* would be the subject of inquiry, and this question would be asked —

*Do you ride to town to-day?*

*Answer.* Yes<sup>1</sup>. Can I bear any message, or do any errand, for you there?

236. If it was fully understood that the person was to ride to town, but the *time* was not distinctly heard, the question would be,

*Do you ride to town to-day?*

*Answer.* No<sup>1</sup>; I cannot go till *to-morrow*.

*Exercises on Emphasis.*

When people are determined to quarrel, a *straw* will furnish the occasion.

In this exercise, *emphasis*<sup>1</sup> is the subject which demands our attention.

A man of vivid imagination can converse with a *picture*<sup>1</sup>, and find an agreeable companion in a *statue*<sup>1</sup>.

He who but *wishes*<sup>1</sup> to invert the laws  
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are *regular*; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is *innocent*.

There is a mean in *all*<sup>1</sup> things. Even virtue itself has its stated limits, which not being strictly observed, it *ceases*<sup>1</sup> to be a virtue.

All that is worth a wish, a thought,  
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought.  
Cease, then, on *trash*<sup>1</sup> thy hopes to bind;  
Let nobler<sup>1</sup> views engage thy mind.

To purchase heaven has *gold*<sup>1</sup> the power  
Can gold remove the *mortal*<sup>1</sup> hour?

In life can *love*<sup>1</sup> be bought with gold?

Are *friendship's*<sup>1</sup> pleasures to be sold?

Think you a *little*<sup>1</sup> din can daunt my ears?

Have I not in my time heard *lions*<sup>1</sup> roar?

It is *ungenerous*<sup>1</sup> to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who may, perhaps, excel us in *many*<sup>1</sup>.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;  
His praise is *lost*<sup>^</sup> who stays till *all*<sup>'</sup> commend.

237. The PARENTHESIS should be read in a lower tone, and more rapidly, to distinguish it from the including sentence. All the parenthetical words should be uttered in nearly the same tone, with a slight rise of the voice on the last word, to show when the parenthesis is concluded. The voice should then be raised to its former pitch.

Pride<sup>^</sup>, in some disguise or other<sup>'</sup>, (often a secret to the proud man himself<sup>'</sup>,) is the most ordinary spring of action among men<sup>^</sup>.

Know, then, this truth, (enough for man to know,)

Virtue alone is happiness below.

The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always (to borrow a phrase from the dispensary<sup>'</sup>) a barren superfluity of words.

His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents<sup>'</sup>,) perfectly understood him.

“And this,” said he, (putting the remains of a crust into his wallet,) “this should have been thy portion, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.”

## TO TEACHERS.

A NUMBER of words is selected from each reading lesson, and placed at the head of it, that the class may be simultaneously exercised in uttering them distinctly.

They are words containing some element, or combination of elements, very liable to be imperfectly enunciated, if not grossly mispronounced. Reference is made, in each instance, by number, to the Introductory Exercises, where the particular element, or combination of elements, is more fully illustrated. By careful attention to these words before the regular reading exercise, much time will be saved, which would otherwise have to be spent in correcting individual errors during the lesson.

Let the teacher first utter the *word*, and then the *element* or *combination* of elements; and, after the teacher, let the pupils utter the same several times, till it can be done *clearly* and *distinctly*. But this should not be allowed to supersede the daily drilling on the Introductory Exercises. This mechanical part of reading — this developing and training the vocal organs — is so essential to the young pupil's success as a reader or speaker, that no teacher can be pardoned for disregarding it.



# THE INTERMEDIATE READER.

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## LESSON I.

Works . . . . <i>rks</i> . 106.	Handful . . . <i>nd</i> . . 73.
Whether . . <i>ér</i> . . 9.	Mountain . . <i>tĭn</i> . . 11.
Willow . . . <i>ō</i> . . 12.	Bends . . . . . <i>ndz</i> . . 74.
Storm . . . . <i>rm</i> . . 113.	Meadows . . <i>ōz</i> . . 12.
Beneath . . <i>th</i> . . 40.	Amongst . . <i>ngst</i> . 79.
Thorns . . . <i>rnz</i> . . 118.	Fields . . . . . <i>ldz</i> . . 47.
Crimson . . <i>zn</i> . . 201.	Warmth . . <i>rmth</i> . 113.
Wonders . . <i>érz</i> . . 132.	Lesson . . . . <i>sn</i> . . 190

### *The Works of God.*

COME, let us walk abroad ; let us talk of the works of God.

Take up a handful of sand ; number the grains of it ; tell them one by one into thy lap. Try whether thou canst count the blades of grass in the field, or the leaves on the trees. We cannot count them ; they are innumerable ; much more the things which God has made.

The fir groweth on the high mountain, and the gray willow bends over the stream. The hop

layeth hold with her tendrils, and claspeth the tall pole. The oak hath firm root in the ground, and resisteth the winter storm.

The iris and the reed spring up in the marsh. The rich grass covereth the meadows. The water lilies grow beneath the stream; their broad leaves float on the water. The wall-flower takes root in the hard stone, and spreads its fragrance amongst the broken ruins.

Every leaf is of a different form; every plant<sup>1</sup> hath a separate inhabitant.

Look at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that are trodden in the green path. The hand of man hath not planted them; the sower hath not scattered the seeds from his hands, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade.

Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb; in shaking bogs, and deep forests, and desert islands; they spring up every where, and cover the bosom of the whole earth.

Who<sup>1</sup> causeth them to grow every where, and bloweth the seeds about in winds, and mixeth them with the mould, and watereth them with soft rains, and cherisheth them with dews<sup>1</sup>? How<sup>1</sup> doth the rose draw its crimson from the dark-brown earth, or the lily its shining white<sup>1</sup>?

How' can a small seed contain a plant?  
How' doth every plant know its season when  
to put forth?

Every plant produceth its like.

Who' preserveth them alive through the  
winter, when the snow is on the ground, and  
the sharp frost bites on the plain?

Who' soweth a small seed, and a little  
warmth in the bosom of the earth, and caus-  
eth them to spring up afresh, and sap to rise  
through the hard fibres?

The trees are withered, naked, and bare;  
they are like dry bones. Who' breatheth on  
them with the breath of spring, and they are  
covered with verdure, and the green leaves  
sprout from the dead wood?

Lo, these are a part of his works, and a  
little portion of his wonders.

There is little need that I should tell you of  
God, for every thing speaks of him. Every  
field is like an open book; every painted flower  
hath a lesson written on its leaves.

Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a  
voice is in every whispering wind. They all  
speak of him who made them; they all tell us  
he is very good.

We cannot see God, for he is invisible; but  
we can see his works, and worship his footsteps

in the green sod. They that know the most  
will praise God the best ; but which' of us can  
number half his works' ? \*

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## LESSON II.

Mother..... <i>ér</i> .....9.	Hides.... <i>dz</i> ....140.
Must, still.. <i>st. st</i> ..217.	Words... <i>rdz</i> ...100.
Perceive.... <i>pér</i> ...9.	Glanced.. <i>nst</i> ...88.
Storm..... <i>rm</i> ....113.	Withers.. <i>érz</i> ...132.
Before..... <i>bē</i> .....7.	Strength.. <i>ngth</i> ..80.

### *A Forbearing Spirit.*

“MOTHER,” said Alice Sinclair, one day,  
“I will play no more with Marian Grey.  
She hides my bonnet, and hides my books,  
And, if I complain, gives me scornful looks,  
And, if I am gentle as I can be,  
It is just as bad, for she laughs at me ”

“Alice, Alice,” said Mrs. Sinclair,  
“You must suffer still, and must still forbear ,

---

NOTE. In the first line, the words “said Alice Sinclair, one day,” should be uttered more rapidly and in a lower tone ; so in the first line of the second verse. All similar instances should be read like a parenthesis. See Ex. 236.

\* Ex. 226.

Before you kneel with a prayer to Heaven,  
Marian Grey must be first forgiven ;  
A frowning angel will stand in your path,  
If you let the sun go down on your wrath."

At these words, the heart of Alice rebelled,  
And the sinful pride in her bosom swelled.  
"I am sure," said she, "I cannot perceive  
Why you should wish her to tease and to grieve,  
And to treat me as bad as bad can be,  
If you had the least spark of love for me."

There were tears in the mother's gentle eyes,  
As she glanced for a moment up to the skies :  
"Should the yearning love of my heart gain  
    sway,  
There would be no cloud on your happy way ;  
But 'tis best you should meet the storm," she  
    said,  
"Though it bend to the earth your fair, young  
    head.

"Sorrow and evil may beat like the rain  
On the tender growth of the blossoming grain ;  
But *mow* the bloom, and it withers and dies,  
And no harvest ripens for paradise ;  
To whiten the fields you should reap above,  
I conquer a coward and selfish love."

That night, before Alice retired to rest  
 She laid down her head on her mother's breast,  
 And said she forgave, as she'd be forgiven  
 By the mother here and the Father in heaven,  
 And then she knelt down, and, with tears, did  
     pray  
 For strength to forbear with Marian Grey.

### LESSON III.

Forth . . . . <i>rth</i> . . . 126.	Warbling . . <i>r</i> . . . . 32.
Fields . . . . <i>ldz</i> . . . 47.	Sport . . . . <i>rt</i> . . . . 124.
Listen . . . . <i>sn</i> . . . . 190.	Ourselves . <i>lvz</i> . . . . 64.
Tufts . . . . <i>fts</i> . . . . 144.	Yellow . . . . <i>yěł-lō</i> . . 12.
Warmth . . <i>rmth</i> . . 113.	Every . . . . <i>ěv-ěr-y</i> . 9.
Goodness . <i>něss</i> . . 8.	Better . . . . <i>tér</i> . . . . 9.

### *The Spring.*

COME, let us go forth into the fields; let us see how the flowers spring; let us listen to the warbling of the birds, and sport ourselves upon the new grass.

The winter is over and gone; the buds come out upon the trees, the pink blossom of the peach is seen, and the green leaves appear.

The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their

heads, and the blue violet lies hid beneath the shade.

The young goslings are running upon the green; their bodies are covered with yellow down. The geese hiss when any one comes near.

The lambs totter by the side of their mothers, and can hardly support their own weight. If you fall, little lambs, you will not be hurt, for there is spread under you a carpet of soft grass.

The butterflies flutter from bush to bush, and open their wings to the warm sun.

The young animals of every kind are sporting about; they feel happy; they are glad to be alive; they thank God, who has made them alive.

They thank him in their hearts, but we can thank him with our tongues. We are wiser than they, and can praise him better.

The birds can warble, and the young lambs can bleat; but we can open our lips in his praise, we can speak of all his goodness; therefore we will thank him for ourselves, and we will thank him for those that cannot speak.

Trees that blossom, and lambs that skip about, if you could, you would say, "The Lord

is good ;” but, as you are dumb, we will say it for you.

On every hill, and in every green field, we will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise, for you and for ourselves

## LESSON IV. .

Spend. . . . <i>nd</i> . . . . 73.	Summer. . . . <i>ér</i> . . . . 9.
Fragrant. . . . <i>ánt</i> . . . . 89.	Replied . . . . <i>rē</i> . . . . 7.
Leisure. . . . <i>lēzh</i> . . . . 7, 43.	Fleeting. . . . <i>ing</i> . . . . 76.
Burned. . . . <i>rnd</i> . . . . 117.	Wild . . . . . <i>ld</i> . . . . 46.
Patient. . . . <i>shěnt</i> . . . . 89.	Roamed. . . . <i>md</i> . . . . 66.
Cheered. . . . <i>rd</i> . . . . 99.	Beneath. . . . <i>th</i> . . . . 40.

### *The Bee and the Butterfly.*

“COME, busy Bee,” said Butterfly,\*

“And spend a playful hour ;  
For cloudless is the summer sky,  
And fragrant every flower.”

But, bent on industry, the bee  
Replied, with serious brow,  
“I cannot leave my task, you see ;  
I’m not at leisure now.



“ I think you’d better toil awhile,  
To lay up food in store ;  
For summer has a fleeting smile,  
And winter ’s at the door.”

“ No, no,” he said ; \* “ while skies are fair,  
I choose to gad and play,  
And not distress myself with care  
About a future day.

“ And so, wise neighbor Bee, good-by.”  
But she, with thoughtful grace,  
Scarce turned her head to see him fly  
His wild and giddy race.

From flower to flower, from tree to tree,  
She patient roamed along,  
And cheered her faithful industry  
With her own pleasant song.

But once, as from her hive she sped,  
Beneath a frosty sky,  
She saw, all desolate and dead,  
‘The idle butterfly.

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\* Ex. 236.

## LESSON V.

Marked . . . <i>rkt.</i> . . 108.	Others . . . . . <i>érz.</i> . . 132
Children . . <i>drěn</i> . 204, 8.	Towards. . . . <i>to'érdz.</i> 100
Minds. . . . . <i>ndz</i> . . 74.	Themselves . <i>lvz.</i> . . . 64.
Tempered . <i>érd</i> . . 9, 99.	Winter . . . . . <i>ér</i> . . . 9.
Fruit . . . . . <i>u</i> . . . . 20.	Large . . . . . <i>rdzh</i> . . 103
Apples. . . . <i>plz</i> . . 184.	Nothing . . . . . <i>o.</i> . . . . 16.
Test to . . . <i>st, to</i> . 217.	World. . . . . <i>érlđ.</i> . . 110
Receiving. <i>ing.</i> . . 76.	Something . . <i>ing</i> . . . 76.

*The Specked Apple.*

MR. ARDEN had two daughters, Jane and Martha, one twelve years old, and the other thirteen, at the time the incident we are about to relate occurred. A little girl named Mary, about the age of Martha, also made one of the family of Mr. Arden. She was the orphan child of a friend, and had been received by Mr. Arden, while quite young, and treated with all the kindness that marked his deportment towards his own children.

Mr. Arden was a man who understood very well, that all the unhappiness existing in the world had its origin in selfishness, and that the true way to attain happiness, was to seek the good of others. He often explained this to his children, and taught them that, in preferring one another in little as well as great things,

they would experience more real delight than in selfishly looking to their own gratification. But this he found a very difficult lesson for young minds to learn.

Especially hard did it seem for Jane and Martha, to prefer Mary in any thing to themselves. They loved her, because she was a gentle, sweet-tempered girl, and therefore they could not help loving her. But they loved themselves better.

One day, late in the winter, at a time when fruit was scarce, Mr. Arden, on coming home from his office, brought with him three large, mellow pippins. They were intended for Jane, Martha, and Mary. While at tea, Mr. Arden mentioned the fact that he had three large apples in his coat pocket for the girls.

"O, give me mine!" said Jane eagerly.\*

"Give me mine, papa," said Martha.

But Mary said nothing, although she looked pleased.

"After tea you shall have them," replied Mr. Arden. "But let me tell you that there is something about these three apples that will test, to some extent, your characters."

"How can that be, papa?" asked Jane.

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\* Read all such expressions like the parenthesis. See Ex 236.

"We shall see," replied Mr. Arden, smiling.

"No doubt they will test our love of apples," said Martha, who was a merry little girl.

"Not the least doubt of that in the world," said her father. "But take care, Martha, that in receiving your apple, you do not lose your appetite for eating it."

"I shall if it is very sour, or has a poor flavor."

"That you will not find to be the case. They are as fine apples as I have seen for a long time."

"What a mystery papa makes about these apples!" said Jane. "I am really impatient to see them."

"You shall both see and taste them, dear, after tea. But don't forget that there is something about these apples that is going to try your characters."

After they had risen from the tea-table, and the tea things had been cleared away, Mr. Arden brought out his three apples, and laid them upon a plate. They were indeed tempting to look upon. They were nearly equal in size, but one was less beautiful in shape than the others, and had become "specked," or slightly decayed on one side of the stem. This defect, though small, was quite apparent.

## LESSON VI.

Asked . . . <i>skt</i> . . . 154.	Better . . . <i>tér</i> . . . . . 9.
Warm . . . <i>rm</i> . . . 113.	Her heart . . <i>hér hárt</i> . . 216.
Moment . . <i>ěnt</i> . . . 8.	Specked . . <i>kt</i> . . . . . 150
Richest . . <i>ě</i> . . . . 8, 157.	Remarks . . <i>rks</i> . . . . . 106
Belonged . . <i>ngd</i> . . 77.	Worst . . . <i>rst</i> . . . . . 123.
Tried . . . <i>tr</i> . . . . 215.	Lesson . . . <i>sn</i> . . . . . 190.

*The Specked Apple continued.*

"THESE apples are very beautiful," said the mother, taking the plate in her hand and examining the fruit. I think father has neglected me."

"O, you shall have half of mine," said Mary quickly.

"And papa shall have half of mine," said Martha.

"And to whom, then, shall I give half of mine?" asked Jane. "O, I know; I will divide the half between papa and mamma."

"By which means we shall get the largest share," said Mr. Arden. "So, mother, we shall not only fare as well, but better, than the rest."

"And that will be all fair, for you ought to have the largest portion always," spoke up Mary, while her eyes expressed the warm

affection that was in her heart for her kind benefactors, who had been to her all that her own father and mother could possibly have been.

"Now, Jane," said Mr. Arden, reaching towards her the plate which contained the fruit, "take your apple, dear." Jane, without pausing a moment, took an apple from the plate.

"Here, Martha;" and Mr. Arden presented the plate to his youngest daughter, who took, with a smiling lip and sparkling eye, the large golden apple that her kind father had brought her.

"They have left the specked apple for you, Mary," said Mr. Arden, in a slightly disappointed tone. "But never mind, dear; the ripest and richest fruit is the first to decay. I have no doubt that the superior flavor of your apple will more than make up for its slight defect."

The two sisters, who perceived, in a moment, from their father's remarks, and the tone in which he spoke, that they had acted selfishly in choosing the best apple for themselves, and that he had noticed it, immediately offered to change with Mary; but she said, with a pleasant smile, —

"O, no, no; I am perfectly satisfied; I should

have taken this one if I had been offered the first choice."

As she said this, she took a knife from the table, remarking, as she did so, that half of it belonged to Mrs. Arden. While she yet spoke, she pressed the knife into the apple; but something hard, towards the centre, prevented the blade from going through. A slight pressure broke the apple into halves, and revealed, brightly glistening in the centre, a large and elegant diamond ring!

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Jane, who understood, in an instant, what this meant.

"Jane, we are justly punished for our selfishness in taking the best apples, and leaving Mary the worst," said Martha, the tears starting to her eyes even while she made this acknowledgment. "These apples, as father said, have indeed tried our characters. But let me look at your beautiful ring, Mary."

Martha took the ring, and, while examining it, perceived that there was an inscription on the inside. She read it aloud — "*To the least selfish.*"

"It is yours by right, Mary," said Jane, with a generous acknowledgment of what was daily seen by all to be true; "for you are the least selfish here."

Mary said nothing ; but her eyes were full of tears.

“My children,” said Mr. Arden, “this is a little matter, but it has shown you something of yourselves. I am rejoiced to find that Jane and Martha bear their disappointment in such a generous spirit ; for it tells me that the lesson has done them good.”

## LESSON VII.

Other.... <i>êr</i> ..... 9.	Heart..... <i>hârt</i> ... 124.
Told.... <i>ld</i> ..... 46.	Mother's... <i>êrz</i> .... 132.
Strong... <i>str</i> .... 213.	Binds..... <i>ndz</i> .... 74.
Earth..... <i>êrth</i> ... 126.	Home .... <i>ô</i> ..... 12

### *My Happy Home.*

How much I love my happy home !

My father and my mother,  
My little sister, and myself,  
All dearly love each other.

Though young, I try with all my heart  
To do as I am told ;  
To please our parents when we're young  
Will give us joy when old.



At night, my sister and myself,  
 By mother's side we kneel,  
 To thank God, with our artless prayers,  
 For all the joy we feel.

So strong the love that binds us all,  
 We have no wish to roam ;  
 Upon the earth what place can be  
 So happy as our home ?

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### LESSON VIII.

Shepherd . . <i>hêrd</i> . . . . . 99.	Arms . . . . . <i>rmz</i> . . . . . 115.
Over . . . . . <i>vêr</i> . . . . . 9.	Nurseth . . . . . <i>êrs</i> . . . . . 122.
Moment . . . <i>ěnt</i> . . . . . 8.	Children . . . . . <i>drěn</i> . . . . . 8.
Governeth . <i>ěrn</i> . . . . . 116.	Sceptre . . . . . <i>tér</i> . . . . . 9.
Forth . . . . . <i>rth</i> . . . . . 126.	Commands . . . <i>ndz</i> . . . . . 74.
Sovereign . . <i>sův'ěr-řn</i> . . . 9.	Stars . . . . . <i>rz</i> . . . . . 132.
Lords . . . . . <i>rdz</i> . . . . . 100.	Countenance . <i>ă</i> . . . . . 4.
Works . . . . . <i>ěrks</i> . . . . . 106.	Follow . . . . . <i>lō</i> . . . . . 12.

*God is the Parent of All.*

BEHOLD the shepherd of the flock ; he taketh care of his sheep ; he leadeth them among clear brooks ; he guideth them to fresh pastures. If the young lambs are weary, he carrieth them

in his arms ; if they wander, he bringeth them back.

But who is the shepherd's Shepherd ? Who taketh care of him ? Who guideth him in the path wherein he should walk ? and, if he wander, who shall bring him back ? \*

God is the shepherd's Shepherd. He is the Shepherd over all ; he taketh care of all. We are all his flock ; and every herb, and every green field, is the pasture which he hath prepared for us.

The mother loveth her little child ; she nourisheth its body with food, and feedeth its mind with knowledge. If it is sick, she nurseth it with tender love. She watcheth over it when asleep ; she forgetteth it not for a moment ; she teacheth it how to be good ; she rejoiceth daily in its growth.

But who is the Parent of the mother ? Who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with tender love, and remembereth her every moment ? Whose arms are about her to guard her from harm ? If she is sick, who will heal her ? \*

God is the Parent of the mother ; he is the Parent of all, for he created all. All the men,

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\* Ex. 226.

and all the women, who are alive in the wide world, are his children. He loveth all, he is good to all.

The king governeth his people; he hath a golden crown upon his head, and the royal sceptre is in his hand; he sitteth upon a throne, and sendeth forth his commands; his subjects fear him.

But who is the Sovereign of the king? Who commandeth him what he must do? Whose hand is stretched out to protect him from danger? When he doeth evil, who shall punish him?

God is the Sovereign of the king; his crown is of rays of light, and his throne is amongst the stars; he is King of kings and Lord of lords.

If God biddeth us live, we live; and if he biddeth us die, we die. His dominion is over all the world, and the light of his countenance is upon all his works.

God is our Shepherd; therefore we will follow him: God is our Father; therefore we will love him: God is our King; therefore we will obey him.

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NOTE. The above extract is full of examples illustrating the downward slide of the voice, where a question is asked by an interrogative pronoun. See Ex. 226.

## LESSON IX.

Words.... <i>rdz</i> ... 100.	Kindness.... <i>něss</i> ... 8.
Healed.... <i>ld</i> .... 46.	Many..... <i>měn</i> ... 8.
Blessed.... <i>st</i> .... 157.	Life's..... <i>fs</i> .... 141.
Darkest.... <i>rk</i> .... 105.	Pleasant.... <i>ănt</i> ... 4.
Sorrow.... <i>ô</i> .... 12.	Softly..... <i>ft</i> .... 143.

*Words of Kindness.*

A LITTLE word, in kindness spoken,  
 A motion, or a tear,  
 Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
 And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
 Full many a budding flower,  
 Which, if a smile had owned its birth,  
 Had blessed life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing  
 A pleasant word to speak ;  
 The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
 A heart may heal or break.

Aid the drooping child of sorrow ;  
 Kindly lift his thoughts above ;  
 Gently bid him trust the morrow ;  
 Softly whisper, " God is love."

## LESSON X.

Want. . . . . <i>nt</i> . . . . 89.	Waters. . . . <i>érz</i> . . . 132.
Paths. . . . . <i>thz</i> . . . 160.	Names. . . . <i>mz</i> . . . 72.
Presence. . . <i>ěnse</i> . . 8.	Follow. . . . <i>lō</i> . . . 12.
Surely. . . . <i>sh</i> . . . 38.	Goodness . . <i>ě</i> . . . . 8.
Lord . . . . . <i>rd</i> . . . 99.	Forever. . . <i>ér</i> . . . 9

*Twenty-Third Psalm.*

THE Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;  
he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the  
paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the  
shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for thou  
art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they com-  
fort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-  
ence of mine enemies ; thou anointest my head  
with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life ; and I shall dwell in  
the house of the Lord forever.

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NOTE. The extracts from the Psalms are examples of the solemn style, and require to be read more slowly than the ordinary style of writing. Give a longer and fuller sound to the vowel elements in reading the Psalms.

## LESSON XI.

Fulness..... <i>něss</i> .. 8.	World..... <i>rld</i> .... 110
Floods..... <i>dz</i> .... 140.	Hands..... <i>ndz</i> .... 74.
Generation.. <i>ér</i> .... 9.	Strong..... <i>str</i> .... 213
Lift..... <i>ft</i> .... 143.	Hosts..... <i>sts</i> .... 153

*Twenty-Fourth Psalm.*

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place?\*

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?\* The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

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\* EX. 226.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

## LESSON XII.

Heard..... <i>rd</i> ..... 99.	Words..... <i>rdz</i> ..... 100.
Strong..... <i>str</i> ..... 213.	Forth..... <i>rth</i> ..... 126
Circuit..... <i>sêr'kî</i> ... 9, 11.	Ends..... <i>ndz</i> ..... 74.
Judgments.. <i>ěnts</i> .... 90.	True..... <i>u</i> ..... 20.
Warned.... <i>rnd</i> ..... 117.	Cleanse.... <i>nz</i> ..... 95.
Servant..... <i>ănt</i> ..... 4.	Strength.... <i>ngth</i> .... 80.

### *Nineteenth Psalm.*

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech, nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his

chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.



## LESSON XIII.

Angel..... <i>ā</i> .....1.	Fatigued.... <i>ēgd</i> .7, 145
Robed..... <i>bd</i> .....133.	Wreathed... <i>thd</i> ..159.
Learned.... <i>rnd</i> ....117.	Mother's.... <i>ērz</i> ..132.
Again..... <i>ēn</i> .....8.	Wondered... <i>ērd</i> ..99.
Angels..... <i>jēlz</i> ....65.	Thanked.... <i>ngkt</i> .84.
Child's..... <i>ldz</i> ....47.	Hard..... <i>rd</i> ...99.
Tears..... <i>rz</i> .....132.	Remembered. <i>ērd</i> ..9.

*The Boy and his Angel.*

A GENTLE boy, fatigued with play,  
 Retired to rest, and forgot to pray;  
 But, after hours in sleep had sped,  
 He called his mother, and sweetly said,  
 "I went to sleep in sunset light,  
 And now, dear mother, 'tis calm, still night.  
 But, mother dear, I cannot lay,  
 And cannot sleep, till I rise and pray,  
 For, while I slept, a lady fair  
 Has come to waken my heart to prayer;  
 Her form was robed in spotless white;  
 Her head was wreathed with a crown of  
     light;  
 About her lips was a gentle smile;  
 She spoke with words all so sweet the while,  
 That, mother dear, I cannot lay,  
 And cannot sleep, till I rise and pray."

The gentle boy his young head bowed,  
In simple faith, pouring forth, aloud,  
The evening lay of praise and prayer  
His lips had learned by his mother's care ;  
Again he lay on his quiet bed,  
And sweetly slept, for his prayer was said.

His words sank in his mother's breast,  
As calm he lay in balmy rest ;  
She wondered if an angel bright  
Had watched her boy in the still, calm night  
She thanked her God for the angel's care,  
Which waked his heart unto praise and prayer

I heard that mother's words of love  
Poured out to Him who heareth above,  
And thought, as, with uplifted eyes,  
She offered God heart-sacrifice,  
That any mother who prays, may seem  
An angel bright to her child's young dream.

Perchance, as falls the hand of time,  
The boy's soft heart may grow hard with  
    crime ;  
The mother's words may be forgot, —  
Her tears and sighs be remembered not ;  
But grief, nor crime, nor years, shall tear  
From memory's waste that mother's prayer ;

Her voice shall come at midnight's hour,  
And stir his heart with an angel's power.

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### LESSON XIV.

Reason . . . . <i>zn</i> . . . 201.	Observed . <i>rvd</i> . . . 129.
Wandering . <i>dér</i> . . 9.	Corn . . . . <i>rn</i> . . . . 116.
Furrows . . . . <i>rōz</i> . . 12.	Didst . . . . <i>dst</i> . . . 137.
Forest . . . . <i>st</i> . . . 157.	Bough . . . . <i>ou</i> . . . . 22.
Murmurs . . . <i>érz</i> . . 9, 132.	Birds . . . . <i>rdz</i> . . . 100.
Presently . . . <i>ěnt</i> . . 8, 89.	Towards . . <i>tō'érdz</i> . 9.
Distance . . . <i>ăns</i> . . 4, 87.	Return . . . <i>érn</i> . . . 9, 116.
Child . . . . . <i>ld</i> . . . 46.	Perceive . . <i>pér</i> . . . 9.
Sound . . . . . <i>nd</i> . . . 73.	Heart . . . . <i>árt</i> . . . 2, 124.

#### *Child of Reason.*

CHILD of reason, whence comest thou?  
What has thine eye observed, and whither  
has thy foot been wandering? \*

I have been wandering along the meadows,  
in the thick grass. The cattle were feeding  
around me, or reposing in the green shade;  
the corn sprang up in the furrows; the poppy  
and the harebell grew among the wheat; the

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\* Ex. 226.

fields were bright with summer, and glowing with beauty.

Didst thou see nothing more? Didst thou observe nothing besides? \* Return again, child of reason; for there are greater things than these. God was among the fields; and didst thou not perceive him? His beauty was upon the meadows; his smile enlivened the sunshine.

I have walked through the thick forest; the wind whispered among the trees; the squirrel leaped from bough to bough; and the birds sang to each other among the branches.

Didst thou hear nothing but the murmurs of the brook? no whispers but the whispers of the wind? \* Return again, child of reason; for there are greater things than these. God was among the trees; his voice sounded in the murmur of the waters; his music warbled in the shade. And didst thou not attend? \*

I saw the moon rise behind the trees; it was like a lamp of gold. The stars, one after another, appeared in the clear firmament. Presently I saw black clouds arise, and roll towards the south; the lightning streamed in vivid flashes over the sky, the thunder growled

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\* Ex. 225.

at a distance ; it came nearer, and I felt afraid ; for it was loud and terrible.

Did thy heart feel no terror but of the thunderbolt ? Was there nothing bright and terrible but the lightning ? Return, O child of reason ; for there are greater things than these. God was in the storm ; and didst thou not perceive him ? His terrors were abroad ; and did not thy heart acknowledge him ? \*

God is in every place ; he speaks in every sound we hear ; he is seen in all that our eyes behold. Nothing, O child of reason, is without God ; let God, therefore, be in all your thoughts.

## LESSON XV.

Things . . . <i>ngz</i> . . . . 78.	Mind . . . . <i>nd</i> . . . . 73.
First . . . . <i>rst</i> . . . . 123.	Task . . . . <i>sk</i> . . . . 152.
Regret . . . <i>gr</i> . . . . 206.	Perform . . <i>rm</i> . . . . 113.
Praise . . . <i>pr</i> . . . . 208.	Mercy . . . <i>mér</i> . . . . 9.
Sorrow . . . <i>rō</i> . . . . 12.	Preserve . . <i>rv</i> . . . . 128.
Faults . . . <i>lts</i> . . . . 61.	Regard . . <i>rd</i> . . . . 99.

### *Duty to God.*

My dear child, you will shortly arrive at an age when you must no longer think and act

as a child, but must “put away childish things.” Let me, therefore, beseech you to bear in mind, that both good and evil are before you, and that unless, with a sincere heart, you choose and love the one, you will surely be the victim of the other.

The first step you must take, is, to waken your mind to a sense of the great task you have to fulfil. It is a source of deep regret, that so many perform the duty of praise and prayer, not with joy, and love, and grateful feelings, but in a cold and careless manner, with sadness, and sometimes secret dislike.

When you offer up praise to the Most High, confide to this kindest of fathers all the wishes and desires of your heart; but, at the same time, submit them all to his will, and freely leave it to his divine wisdom to dispose of you, and all that belongs to you.

Thank him for his blessings; and, even should he think fit to afflict you, be thankful for it also; consider it an act of his mercy, meant for your good.

Implore him to direct and assist you in all hardships and trials; to comfort and support you in sickness or sorrow; and to preserve you, by his grace, from falling into the danger of sin in the hour of joy and health.

Forget not to beseech him to forgive you your faults and misdeeds during the day, and to protect and defend you from all evil by night; and do this, not merely in formal words, but “in spirit and in truth;” in grateful love and humble homage.

In youth, the feelings are warm and open; the heart should then admire what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and sublime, and melt at proofs of tender regard. And where can be found any object so proper to excite these feelings as the Father of the world, and the Giver of all goodness? \*

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## LESSON XVI.

Soul's . . . . . <i>lz</i> . . . . . 65.	Unexpressed . . . <i>st</i> . . . 157.
Trembles . . . <i>blz</i> . . . 169.	Breast . . . . . <i>br</i> . . . 203.
Upward . . . . . <i>rd</i> . . . . 99.	None . . . . . <i>o</i> . . . . 16.
Form . . . . . <i>rm</i> . . . . 113.	Strains . . . . . <i>str</i> . . . 213.

### *Prayer.*

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

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\* Ex. 226.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
 The falling of a tear,  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
 That infant lips can try;  
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
 'The Majesty on high.

## LESSON XVII.

Commands . . . <i>ndz</i> . . . 74.	Parents . . . . <i>ěnts</i> . . . . 90.
Willing . . . . <i>ing</i> . . . . 76.	Helpless . . . <i>lp</i> . . . . 54.
Perhaps . . . . <i>pér</i> . . . . 9.	Lessons . . . <i>snz</i> . . . . 191
Besides . . . . <i>dz</i> . . . . 140.	Certain . . . <i>tín</i> . . . . 11.
Strive . . . . . <i>str</i> . . . . 213.	Single . . . . <i>gl</i> . . . . 176.

### *Duty to Parents.*

AFTER your duty of praise and prayer to the Most High, your next care should be, to attend to the wishes and commands of your parents, and to do all they require of you, in a cheerful and willing manner.

Some children put on a sulky look, and



begin to grumble, when they are told to do any thing : this shows a bad heart.

Your father and mother have taken care of you, and treated you kindly, when your helpless state would not allow you to do the most trifling thing for yourself ; and even now, they do not neglect nor forsake you, but do all in their power for your comfort ; and, in many cases, perhaps, they deprive themselves of what they very much need, that you may want for nothing.

They supply you daily with food and clothing, and send you to school, that you may acquire what will render you good and learned, if you attend to all that is said to you, and study with care the lessons which are given you.

If, then, you possess the smallest portion of grateful feeling, you will do all in your power to return their fondness, and repay their care.

Besides, unless you fulfil your duty to your parents, you will offend your " Father who is in heaven ;" for one of his commands is, " Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Therefore you must neither expect to enjoy a long and happy life here, nor a blessed one

in the world to come, if you do not honor your parents ; that is, obey, respect, and love them ; and let your conduct show that your love is sincere, by trying to please them in all you do, and by doing nothing that you are certain will displease them.

Study their very looks, and strive to fulfil their wishes, if you can, even before they impart them to you. The pursuit of such a line of conduct will convey to your heart a real pleasure, which no breach of the duty you owe them can ever bestow.

Forget not the ties which bind you to the authors of your being ; nor let them, for a single moment, feel the bitter anguish of knowing

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is  
To have a thankless child.”

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BLESSED is the turf, serenely blessed,  
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest ;  
Where life’s long journey turns to sleep.  
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.  
A little sod, a few sad flowers,  
A tear for long-departed hours,  
Is all that feeling hearts request  
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.

## LESSON XVIII.

Soldier . . . . . <i>jêr</i> . . . . . 9.	Uniform . . . . . <i>rm</i> . . . . . 113.
Captain . . . . . <i>tîn</i> . . . . . 11.	Sword . . . . . <i>sōrd</i> . . . . . 12.
Comfort . . . . . <i>rt</i> . . . . . 124.	Plumes . . . . . <i>û</i> . . . . . 17.
Tears . . . . . <i>rz</i> . . . . . 132.	Hearth . . . . . <i>rth</i> . . . . . 126.
Wandering . . . . . <i>a</i> . . . . . 5.	Humble . . . . . <i>h</i> silent.
Beneath . . . . . <i>th</i> . . . . . 40.	Bowers . . . . . <i>êrz</i> . . . . . 132.

*The Children's Choice.*

JOHN.

I MEAN to be a soldier,  
 With uniform quite new;  
 I wish that I could have a drum,  
 And be a captain, too.  
 I would go amid the battle,  
 With my broadsword in my hand,  
 And hear the cannon rattle,  
 And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son! my son! what if that sword  
 Should strike a noble heart,  
 And bid some loving father  
 From his little ones depart?  
 What comfort would your waving plumes  
 And brilliant dress bestow,

When you thought upon the widow's tears,  
And her orphans' cries of woe ?

LOUISA.

I mean to be a cottage girl,  
And sit beside a rill,  
And, morn and eve, my pitcher there  
With purest water fill ;  
And I'll have a lovely woodbine  
Around my cottage door,  
And welcome to my winter hearth  
The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa, dear, an humble mind  
Is beautiful to see ;  
And you shall never hear a word  
To check that mind from me ;  
But, ah ! remember pride may dwell  
Beneath the woodbine shade,  
And discontent, a sullen guest,  
The cottage hearth invade.

CAROLINE.

I will be gay and wealthy,  
And dance away the hours ;  
Music, and joy, and sport, shall dwell  
Within my fairy bowers ;

No heart shall ache with sadness  
 Within my laughing hall,  
 But the notes of love and gladness  
 Reëcho to my call.

## MOTHER.

O children ! sad it makes my soul  
 To hear your playful strain ;  
 I cannot bear to chill your youth  
 With images of pain ;  
 Yet humbly take what God bestows,  
 And, like his own fair flowers,  
 Look up in sunshine with a smile,  
 And gently bend in showers.

## LESSON XIX.

Infants. . . . . <i>ă</i> . . . . . 4	Find out. . . . . 216.
Helpless . . . . . <i>ěss</i> . . . . . 8.	Nothing . . . . . <i>o</i> . . . . . 16.
Hardly. . . . . <i>rd</i> . . . . . 99.	Shew. . . . . <i>ō</i> . . . . . 12.
Wants . . . . . <i>nts</i> . . . . . 90.	Often . . . . . <i>ōf fn.</i> . . . .
Learned. . . . . <i>rnd</i> . . . . . 117.	Parts. . . . . <i>rts</i> . . . . . 125.
Organs. . . . . <i>ă</i> . . . . . 4.	Different. . . . . <i>fēr</i> . . . . . 9.
Sounds . . . . . <i>ndz</i> . . . . . 74.	Yellow . . . . . <i>ō</i> . . . . . 12.

*The Bodily Senses. — Hearing and Sight.*

VERY little infants are quite helpless, and know hardly any thing ; but they soon find

out what pleases them, and what they dislike.

One of the first things they learn is their dear mother's voice ; and nothing delights them more. They soon, too, know her by sight, and plainly show that they love her better than any body else. Even this knowledge, which seems very trifling to those who are grown up, it takes some time to acquire ; -but it is all that an infant wants.

Children do not often think about the means by which they have learned all they know. These means belong partly to the body, and partly to the mind. It is not so easy to understand those which belong to the mind, as those which belong to the body.

The five bodily senses are hearing, sight, smell, taste, and touch, or feeling.

The parts of the body, which serve as instruments to the mind, called the organs of sense, are the ear, for hearing ; the eye, for sight ; the nose, for smell ; the tongue and palate, for taste ; and the skin, for feeling or touch.

Perhaps all the other senses are only different sorts of feeling, confined to particular parts of the body ; while feeling itself is spread over the whole.

What we call hearing is an effect produced upon the inner part or drum of the ear, when the air is put in motion by the voice, or by any thing that will make a sound. Some sounds are mere noises; others are harmonious and grateful.

What is more delightful than to hear the voices of those we love? \* How pleasant to hear the birds singing around us, as we walk in the fields! How often does our hearing warn us of danger, either at a distance or in darkness!

The eye is a most wonderful instrument, and far superior to any one that man could make. By means of the eye, small as it is, we learn the size, form, distance, and color of things.

It enables us to enjoy the beauties of a landscape, with its various objects, whether at rest or in motion.

There can scarcely be a greater pleasure than to see our friends return after they have been absent a long time; and, if they must remain absent, let us be thankful that they can write to us, and we can read their letters.

I am sure, too, that, if we could not see, we should often run against things, or tumble over them, and hurt ourselves.

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\* Ex. 226.

The principal colors are red, yellow, and blue. Orange is a mixture of red and yellow; green, of yellow and blue; other mixtures produce every variety of colors.

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## LESSON XX.

Hurrah . . . . <i>â</i> . . . . . 2.	Sport . . . . . <i>rt</i> . . . . . 124
Spent . . . . . <i>nt</i> . . . . . 89.	Enjoy . . . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.
First . . . . . <i>êrst</i> . . . . . 123.	Moments . . . <i>ěnts</i> . . . . . 90.
Every . . . . . <i>êr</i> . . . . . 9.	Attend . . . <i>nd</i> . . . . . 73

### *School is Out.*

“HURRAH!” exclaims, with merry shout,  
The happy school-boy, “school is out :”  
His studies finished for the day,  
He gives the rest to sport and play.

Yet, if to school he had not gone,  
But spent the day in play alone,  
With every sport at his command,  
Time had hung heavy on his hand.

The man who would enjoy his leisure,  
By labor first obtains the pleasure ;



Rest and amusement thus unite,  
And give his moments more delight.

So every boy, except a fool,  
Will punctually attend his school,  
Until the fitting time to shout,  
“Hurrah! hurrah! now school is out.”

## LESSON XXI.

Smelling . . . <i>īng</i> . . . 76.	Scents. . . . <i>nts</i> . . . . 90.
Odors. . . . . <i>ērz</i> . . . . 9.	Per'fumes . . <i>pér</i> . . . . 9.
Goodness. . . <i>něss</i> . . . 8.	Kinds . . . . <i>ndz</i> . . . . 74.
Birds. . . . . <i>rdz</i> . . . . 100.	Children . . . <i>drěn</i> . . . 204.
Large. . . . . <i>rdzh</i> . . . 103.	Change . . . <i>ndzh</i> . . . 85.

### *The Bodily Senses. — Smell and Taste.*

By the sense of smelling, we enjoy the pleasure arising from the scents or odors of flowers, and other perfumes. It also enables us to judge of the goodness of many articles of food, which are sweet while they are fresh, but begin to have a disagreeable smell when they become stale and unfit to be eaten.

Most things that smell disagreeably are not good food for us; but they will do for some

kinds of flies and birds. When any flesh, or a fish, is lying exposed on the ground, it soon begins to smell badly, and these flies and birds come and eat it up, and so prevent its becoming offensive to us.

Taste is situated chiefly in the tongue. Children enjoy this sense even more than grown people. Fruit, cakes, and sweets of various kinds, afford them much pleasure; but there is danger that, by indulging too much in nice things, they will cease to relish those that are plain, but more wholesome. This is the case with many children, whose parents, from mistaken notions of kindness, have allowed them to eat too large quantities of sweets.

Indeed, children soon become tired of very nice things, and require a continual change; but they can, with pleasure, partake every day, for many years, of bread and butter, milk and water, and other simple things, which have but little flavor.

The principal flavors are sweet, bitter, salt, and sour.

We judge by our taste, as well as by our smell, whether things are good for food. Most things that are disagreeable to the taste, are not fit for us to eat and drink; but some of these are very useful as physic.

## LESSON XXII.

Ourselfes. . . . <i>lvz.</i> . . . 64.	Warm . . . . . <i>rm</i> . . . . . 113
Hurts. . . . . <i>črts</i> . . . 125.	Frozen . . . . <i>zn.</i> . . . . 201
Burned . . . . . <i>rnd.</i> . . . 117.	Attempt. . . . <i>mt</i> . . . . 70.
Spoiled . . . . . <i>ld.</i> . . . . 46.	Body . . . . . <i>ö</i> . . . . . 15.
Probably . . . . <i>ă</i> . . . . 4.	Distance . . . <i>ă</i> . . . . 4.
Thunder. . . . <i>dêr.</i> . . . 9.	Stars . . . . . <i>rz.</i> . . . . 132.

*The Bodily Senses. — Touch, or Feeling.*

THE sense of touch, or feeling, which is spread over the whole body, makes us acquainted with the sensations of heat and cold, and reminds us to keep ourselves properly clothed and warm, that we may be in good health. It also quickly tells us when any thing hurts us, so that we may either remove it, or get out of its way.

Very young children are so simple, that they would take hold of any thing, even a hot iron, that was near them, if their mother would let them, and thus might be seriously hurt.

By our feeling, we tell whether things are hot or cold, hard or soft, smooth or rough, heavy or light, wet or dry.

Most children know that, if they touch very hot iron, it will cause them great pain, and so injure the part with which they touch it, that

it will take days, or weeks perhaps, to get well.

It is equally true, but not so commonly known, that, if an intensely cold thing, like frozen mercury, be touched with a warm hand, it will injure the hand in much the same manner as if it had been burned.

In Russia, and other very cold climates, people, in travelling, sometimes have their chins and noses frozen without knowing it, till some one meets them and tells them of it. If they ran to a fire, or applied warm water to the frozen part, it would be liable to mortify. Aware of this, they proceed, very gradually, to bring back the warmth by rubbing it with snow; thus it soon becomes well.

Cooks, who find their vegetables frozen, do not attempt to boil them, till they have been thawed by lying a good while in cold water; without this precaution, they would be quite spoiled.

It is injurious, and therefore uncomfortable, to pass suddenly from one extreme to another; either from cold to heat, or from darkness to light.

The human body, while alive, can endure a degree of heat that would cook meat. This was proved, some years ago, by a man, who

used, for money, to remain in an oven with a piece of meat till it was baked.

The body can also, with but little inconvenience, bear cold much greater than is required to freeze water ; but, unless the change is made gradually, it will be attended with immediate pain, and probably with lasting disease.

In passing suddenly from darkness to light, we can scarcely see at all, till the eye has adapted itself to the glare. Also, in passing out of a very-light place into a shady one, we cannot see till the eye has fitted itself to the change.

We can taste those things only which touch our tongues ; we can feel those only which are near us ; we can smell those that are at some distance ; we can hear thunder, and other loud noises, at a great distance ; and we can see very distant objects on the earth, and the stars in the sky, which are so very distant that nobody can tell how far off they are. We can think of things indefinitely far off, and even in the other world.

The more we know about our bodily senses, the more thankful shall we feel to our heavenly Father, who has given them to us ; for they are so useful, that we could not have any enjoyment without them. We shall also be very

careful not to abuse them; for if we do, we are in danger of injuring them, or losing them entirely.

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### LESSON XXIII.

Amidst . . . . <i>dst</i> . . . . 137.	Flowers . . . . <i>érz</i> . . . . 9.
Fades . . . . <i>dz</i> . . . . 140.	Earnest . . . . <i>ěst</i> . . . . 8.
Called . . . . <i>ld</i> . . . . 46.	Work . . . . <i>érk</i> . . . . 9.
Dark . . . . <i>rk</i> . . . . 105.	Bend . . . . <i>nd</i> . . . . 73.
Triumph . . <i>tr</i> . . . . 215.	Kindred . . . <i>drěd</i> . . . 8.
First . . . . <i>rst</i> . . . . 123.	Lift . . . . . <i>ft</i> . . . . 143

#### *The Hour of Prayer.*

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye  
Ever following silently;  
Father, by the breeze of eve  
Called thy harvest work to leave,  
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone;

Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea, —  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that, from battle won,  
Breathest now at set of sun;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,  
Weeping on his burial plain;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie, —  
Heaven's first star alike ye see —  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

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### LESSON XXIV.

Invalid. . . . <i>léd</i> . . . . 7.	Evening. . . . <i>ing</i> . . . . 76.
Friends . . . . <i>ndz</i> . . . . 74.	Promised. . . . <i>st</i> . . . . 157.
Returned . . . . <i>rnd</i> . . . . 117.	Moments. . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . 8.
Bureau . . . . <i>rō</i> . . . . 12.	Wants. . . . <i>nts</i> . . . . 90.
Patience . . . . <i>shěnse</i> . . 8.	Eager . . . . <i>ér</i> . . . . 9.
Manner. . . . <i>nér</i> . . . . 9.	Child's . . . . <i>ldz</i> . . . . 47.
Instead . . . . <i>stěd</i> . . . . 8.	Reason. . . . <i>zn</i> . . . . 201.
Generous . . . . <i>ér</i> . . . . 9.	Influenced . . . . <i>ěnst</i> . . 88.

### *The Little Sick Brother.*

“DON'T go away, sister,” said an invalid child to his sister Anna, who came into the

chamber where he lay, with her bonnet and shawl on, ready to go out for the purpose of spending the afternoon and evening with some young friends.

Anna had come in to kiss her little sick brother, and to say a kind word or two to him before she went. But the child, who loved Anna very much, and always felt better when she was with him, became unhappy as soon as he saw that she had prepared herself for going out.

“Don’t go, sister,” he said. “Take off your bonnet, and stay here with me. I want you to tell me a story.”

“But, Henry, dear, I have promised to go and spend the afternoon at Mrs. Hermann’s,” returned Anna. “It would not only be a disappointment to me, but to those who expect me, if I did not go. You must be a good, patient little boy, and not think about my being away.”

“O, don’t go, sister,” was the only reply that Henry made to this, speaking so sadly, while his eyes filled with tears, that Anna felt grieved for the child, and half inclined to give up the pleasure she had promised herself. Taking his small, white hand in hers, she bent down over him, and kissed him tenderly.



“Don’t go, sister.”

Anna stood thoughtful for a few moments, and then, taking off her bonnet and shawl, laid them down upon a bureau.

“I will go down and see Ella,” she said, “and then come up again.”

The face of the little invalid brightened in an instant.

On descending to the parlor, Anna found her sister Ella waiting for her.

“I believe I won’t go,” said Anna, “Henry seems so unhappy about it.”

“What nonsense!” exclaimed Ella. “Why in the world did you go near him, or let him know that you were going out? You might have known what would have happened. I told you that it would be just so.”

“He is sick, and I think we ought to be as attentive to him and as patient with him as possible,” returned Anna. “It must be very tiresome to lie so long in bed and confined to one room; and I don’t wonder that he dislikes to be left alone. I can’t find it in my heart to leave him. So you can go along. Perhaps I may come round after tea. Henry will be asleep then.”

“You are a very foolish girl, Anna,” said her sister, half angrily. “Stay at home just be-

cause a selfish, fretful child, that don't know what he wants, takes it into his head that you must remain with him! It puts me out of all patience with you. What kind of an excuse can I make for you, I should like to know?"

"Tell the truth; that is the best excuse on all occasions."

After Ella was gone, she went up to Henry's room. The child looked so happy when she came in, that she felt more than repaid for her self-denial.

"O, I'm so glad you didn't go, sister Anna!" he said; "I feel so bad when you are away! Now won't you tell me a pretty story?"

Anna told him a story, and then another, and another, the child's eager interest amply repaying her for what she was doing.

When Ella arrived at Mrs. Hermann's, that lady said, in a slightly disappointed tone, —

"Why didn't your sister come with you? Isn't she well?"

"O, yes, she's well enough," replied the thoughtless girl; "but she took a notion into her head that she would stay with Henry. She was all ready to come, but foolishly went into his room to kiss him, and then he wouldn't part with her."

“How is little Henry?” asked Mrs. Hermann, in a tone of interest.

“Not very well,” replied Ella; “he doesn’t seem to get any better. We feel very uneasy about him sometimes.”

“Poor child!” said Mrs. Hermann, in a voice of sympathy; “he must love Anna very much, I am sure. Every body loves her. I don’t wonder that he cannot bear to let her go out of his sight.”

The words, as well as the manner of Mrs. Hermann, rather surprised Ella. She fully expected the lady would say that it was all nonsense for Anna to give up her proposed visit, and disappoint her friends, for a child’s whim. But, instead of this, there was something so much like rebuke in her words, that she was made to feel slightly uncomfortable, and still more so when Mrs. Hermann mentioned to one and another of her company, in Ella’s presence, the reason of Anna’s absence; at the same time expressing her warm admiration of the spirit of generous self-denial that had influenced her.

Does not your heart, too, dear reader, approve the affectionate kindness of the gentle Anna?

## LESSON XXV.

Appearance. <i>ānse</i> . . . 4.	Received. . . <i>vd</i> . . . 163.
Listened. . . <i>snd</i> . . . 192.	Interest. . . <i>ěst</i> . . . 8.
Tenderly . . . <i>dér</i> . . . 9.	Pleasantly. . <i>ānt</i> . . . 4.
Possible. . . <i>sř</i> . . . 11.	Ever . . . . . <i>ér</i> . . . 9.
Reward. . . <i>rd</i> . . . 99.	Others . . . <i>érz</i> . . . 132.
Length. . . <i>ngth</i> . . . 80.	Enjoyment. <i>ě</i> . . . 8.
Worse . . . . <i>érs</i> . . . 122.	Rather . . . <i>ā</i> . . . 4.

*The Little Sick Brother — continued.*

AFTER tea, Anna made her appearance, with her calm, sweet, cheerful face, and was received by all with the most cordial welcome. Every one inquired about little Henry, and listened with a real interest to all she said about him. It was plain she loved him very tenderly, and that her love prompted her to do every thing in her power to make the long, weary time of sickness pass as pleasantly as possible.

Ella felt again rebuked. She had enjoyed herself but little during the afternoon, and was now less comfortable in mind than ever. She was dissatisfied with herself, and felt that all who seemed to be so much pleased with the self-denial which Anna had practised, must look upon her as less kind and thoughtful than her sister.

On the contrary, Anna was very happy. Her staying with Henry had given the child so much real pleasure, that her disappointment was soon changed into that pure delight which is always the reward of doing good to others.

She found, by sweet experience, that it is not the length of time that we pass in the pleasures of social intercourse, that determines the amount of our enjoyment, but the state of mind in which we come to meet our friends.

If Anna had left her brother during the afternoon, the image of his sad face and tearful eyes would have haunted her all the time, and she would have been constantly listening, in imagination, to his earnest voice, saying, "O sister Anna, don't go!" But now, when she did think of him, it was as sleeping calmly and peacefully; for so she had left him.

When the sisters returned home that night, they were grieved to find that Henry had been taken suddenly worse, about nine o'clock, and that the family physician had been sent for in haste. When he came and examined the symptoms, he looked grave, and said but little, in answer to the anxious inquiries of the child's parents.

The next morning, Henry was still worse, and continued to grow worse for a week, and

then was relieved from all his sufferings by death.

The sisters, when they saw his pure body lying before them, pale, cold, and lifeless, were stricken in heart with grief; but something more than sorrow at the loss of her little brother added bitterness to Ella's spirits. Self-reproaches had to be borne, and the consciousness that she had not done all in her power to make the last weary days of the sick one pass more pleasantly.

While Anna often spoke of her little brother, and seemed to love to call back his image to her mind, Ella strove rather to turn her thoughts to some other subject. She could not dwell upon the memory of the child without pain.

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## LESSON XXVI.

Brings . . . . . <i>ngz</i> . . . . . 78.	Star . . . . . <i>r</i> . . . . . 32.
Breeze . . . . . <i>br</i> . . . . . 203.	Shades . . . . . <i>dz</i> . . . . . 140.
Peasants . . . . . <i>änts</i> . . . . . 90.	Mists . . . . . <i>sts</i> . . . . . 158.
Evenings . . . . . <i>ngz</i> . . . . . 78.	Worms . . . . . <i>rmz</i> . . . . . 115.
Bard . . . . . <i>rd</i> . . . . . 99.	Strains . . . . . <i>str</i> . . . . . 213.
Mirth . . . . . <i>rth</i> . . . . . 126.	Signal . . . . . <i>ä</i> . . . . . 4.

*The Nightingale.*

WHEN twilight's gray and pensive hour  
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,  
And bids the solitary star  
Shine in pale beauty from afar ; —

When gathering shades the landscape veil,  
And peasants seek their village dale,  
And mists from river-wave arise,  
And dew in every blossom lies ; —

When evening's primrose opes, to shed  
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed ;  
When glowworms in the wood-walk light  
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight ; —

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,  
Awakes the lonely nightingale,  
And from a hermitage of shade  
Fills with her voice the forest glade.

And sweeter far that melting voice  
Than all which through the day rejoice ;  
And still shall bard and wanderer love  
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in heaven, ah ! thus, when day,  
 With all its cares, has passed away,  
 And silent hours waft peace on earth,  
 And hush the louder strains of mirth, —

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer  
 To thee my spirit's offering bear ;  
 Yon star, my signal, set on high  
 For vesper hymns of piety.

So may thy mercy and thy power  
 Protect me through the midnight hour,  
 And balmy sleep, and visions blest,  
 Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

## LESSON XXVII.

Month . . . . <i>nth</i> . . . . . 92.	Several . . . . <i>ér</i> . . . . . 9.
First . . . . . <i>rst</i> . . . . . 123.	Equally . . . . <i>ă</i> . . . . . 4.
Short . . . . . <i>rt</i> . . . . . 124.	Observe . . . . <i>rv</i> . . . . . 128.
Seasons . . . . <i>znz</i> . . . . . 191.	Months . . . . <i>nths</i> . . . . . 93.
Lasts . . . . . <i>sts</i> . . . . . 158.	Evenings . . <i>ngz</i> . . . . . 78.

### *The Seasons.*

DECEMBER is the name of the last month in the year. During this month, in our climate,



the days are the shortest, the trees are bare, and the weather is cold. The twenty-first of December is called the shortest day of the whole year; but several days after the twenty-first are equally short, so that it is only one of the shortest days of the year.

So we call the twenty-first day of June the longest day; but several days about the twenty-first are equally long.

It is well to observe the seasons and months as they change. Each of the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, lasts long enough to make the one that succeeds it more welcome.

How welcome does the spring seem after the winter, when the days are longer and the sky is clearer! when the buds of the trees begin to expand, and the snowdrop appears!

How welcome, too, is the winter after the autumn, when the long evenings come, and we all gather round the fire, and tell our stories, and converse or read! Every season brings its pleasures.

It is the same in human life. Youth and age have each their several pleasures, and they mistake who say that one time of life is happier than another. We change our pleasures,

it is true ; but we have an equal degree of pleasure in age and in youth.

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## LESSON XXVIII.

Changed . . . <i>ndzhd</i> . . . 86.	Fitness . . . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.
Health . . . . . <i>lth</i> . . . . . 62.	Breathe . . . . . <i>th</i> . . . . . 40.
Worse . . . . . <i>ěrs</i> . . . . . 9.	Window . . . . . <i>ō</i> . . . . . 12.
Current . . . . . <i>ěnt</i> . . . . . 8.	Persons . . . . . <i>snz</i> . . . . . 191.
Embers . . . . . <i>ěrz</i> . . . . . 132.	Found dead . . . . . 217.

### *Breathing.*

WHEN I take in my breath, I inspire ; and when my breath goes out, I respire. The air which I respire is found to be changed ; that is, by having passed through the lungs, it has lost its fitness to be breathed again.

Hence it must be bad for the health to breathe the air of crowded rooms, where fresh air is excluded. It is bad to sit in a small room which has no chimney ; it is even worse to sleep in a room where there is no chimney ; the merest flaw in the window, or the door set open a little way, will be quite enough to secure a current of fresh air.

Persons who have taken the embers of char-

coal into their bed-chamber, which had no chimney in it, have been found dead in the morning.

## LESSON XXIX.

Artery . . . . . <i>tér</i> . . . . . 9.	Means . . . . . <i>nz</i> . . . . . 95.
Tube . . . . . <i>ũ</i> . . . . . 17.	Body . . . . . <i>õ</i> . . . . . 15.
Kinds . . . . . <i>ndz</i> . . . . . 74.	Frame . . . . . <i>fr</i> . . . . . 205.
Called . . . . . <i>ld</i> . . . . . 46.	Parts . . . . . <i>rts</i> . . . . . 125.
Crimson . . . . . <i>zn</i> . . . . . 201.	Pulse . . . . . <i>ls</i> . . . . . 58.

### *Arteries and Veins.*

ARTERY means a tube for the blood in the body of an animal or insect. There are two kinds of tubes for the blood in the human frame; the one kind called arteries, and the other called veins.

The arteries carry the blood from the heart to all parts of the body, and the veins bring the blood from all parts of the body to the heart.

The blood in the arteries is red; in the veins it is crimson. The arteries have a pulse; the veins have no pulse.

These are veins which I see in the back part of my hand, and this is an artery which I feel at my wrist.

## LESSON XXX

Born..... <i>rn</i> .....116.	Peeping.... <i>ĭng</i> ....76.
Never..... <i>ér</i> .....9.	Wink..... <i>ngk</i> ....81.
Violets..... <i>ěts</i> ....162.	Built..... <i>lt</i> .....60.
Used..... <i>zd</i> .....166.	Swallows... <i>ôz</i> ....12.
Fever..... <i>ér</i> .....9.	Dark..... <i>rk</i> ....105
Against.... <i>ěnst</i> ....88.	Ignorance.. <i>ănse</i> ....4.

*Remembrances of Home.*

I REMEMBER, I remember  
 The house where I was born ;  
 The little window where the sun  
 Came peeping in at morn ;  
 He never came a wink too soon,  
 Nor brought too long a day ;  
 But now, I often wish the night  
 Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
 The roses, red and white,  
 The violets, and the lily cups —  
 Those flowers made of light ;  
 The lilacs, where the robins built,  
 And where my brother set  
 The laburnum, on his birthday —  
*The tree is living yet !*

I remember, I remember  
 Where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air would rush as fresh  
 To swallows on the wing;  
 My spirit flew in feathers then  
 That is so heavy now,  
 And the summer pool could hardly cool  
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
 The fir-trees, dark and high;  
 I used to think their slender spires  
 Were close against the sky:  
 It was a childish ignorance;  
 But now, 'tis little joy  
 To know I'm farther off from heaven  
 Than when I was a boy.

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LESSON XXXI.

Manner . . . <i>nêr</i> . . . . . 9.	Courtesy . . . <i>kêr</i> . . . . . 9.
Friends . . . <i>ndz</i> . . . . . 74.	Told . . . . . <i>ld</i> . . . . . 46.
Contrary . . . <i>kon'tră-ry. ă.</i>	Rules . . . . . <i>u.</i> . . . . . 20.
Jostle . . . . . <i>jos'sl</i> . . . . . 186.	Turns . . . . . <i>rnz</i> . . . . . 118.
Dangerous . . . <i>êr</i> . . . . . 9.	Bustle . . . . . <i>sl.</i> . . . . . 186.
Reading . . . <i>ing</i> . . . . . 76.	Person . . . . . <i>sn</i> . . . . . 190.

*Manner is a Great Matter.*

WHEN you meet a man or woman whom you know, if you do not stop to speak, you should bow or courtesy. This is civil and pleasing. Avoid rudeness to passers-by in the street. You know, my young friends, that it is ill bred to enter a church or a school with your hat or cap on your head ; and I think you hardly need be told that it is ill bred to enter a dwelling-house with your hat on.

You know it is contrary to school rules to make unnecessary noise there ; it is also ill bred. It is ill bred to interrupt your school-mates, to crowd before them, to tread upon their feet, or to jostle them.

If you do this accidentally, good manners require you to say, "I am sorry ;" or, "I beg your pardon." Even in these seemingly small matters, it is the "soft answer that turns away wrath."

Quiet manners are every where a mark of good breeding, — at home and abroad, in the house and in the street. If you hear men or women in public talking much and loudly of themselves and their own affairs, set them down as ill bred, however finely they may be dressed.

If there are any among my readers who are in the practice of jumping up behind omnibuses and other carriages, I beg them to discontinue it; for it is dangerous as well as vulgar. It is a small fraud, and may lead to a greater.

Do not deface walls, doors, or door-steps, with writing on them. It is ill bred to shuffle your feet, to drum with your fingers, to put them in your ears or your mouth, to bite your nails, or to have any tricks with your hands.

It is ill bred to walk heavily, to slam doors, to make any unnecessary bustle or disturbance.

It is ill bred to use slang words or phrases. Indecent and profane expressions are something far worse than ill bred; they indicate that you do not reverence God, nor respect man. But they are also vulgar. Profane and indecent words degrade you. If you respect yourselves, you will not use such language, nor will you listen to it.

It is ill bred, uninvited, to look over a person who is writing, or reading a book or a paper, or, without special reason, to speak to a person so occupied, or to take up another's book, paper, or pen, without leave.

It is ill bred and bad taste to speak too loud, or too fast, or too much; and good manners is

it, to look the person speaking to you in the eye, and to listen attentively.

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## LESSON XXXII.

Round. .... <i>nd</i> .... 73.	Elves ..... <i>lvz</i> .... 64.
Whirl ..... <i>êrl</i> ... 109.	Spray ..... <i>spr</i> .... 212.
Glittering... <i>têr</i> ... 9.	Pearls..... <i>rlz</i> .... 111.
Solemn. .... <i>ě</i> ..... 8.	Temples... <i>plz</i> .... 184.

### *Winter.*

THE merry snow, the merry snow,  
How round and round the white flakes go !  
Like little wingéd elves they fly,  
In frolic dance, so wild and high.

It makes me laugh to see them whirl  
Round every spray a spiral curl,  
And build a tower on every jut,  
And on each post a night-cap put.

And when his rays the sun unfurls,  
And shows the glittering rows of pearls  
Hung round the trees in grand array,  
Old Winter gives a gala day.



We'll honor him with solemn show,  
 And build him temples all of snow —  
 Bring icicles for offerings,  
 For soon March-wind his requiem sings.

### • LESSON XXXIII.

Summers . . . <i>mêrz</i> . . . 9.	Forget . . . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.
Grieved . . . . <i>vd</i> . . . . . 163.	Certainly . . . <i>tĭn</i> . . . . 11.
Speaking . . . <i>ng</i> . . . . . 76.	Sports . . . . . <i>rts</i> . . . . 125.
Fatigued . . . <i>têgd</i> . . . 145.	Amusement . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.
Lessons . . . . <i>snz</i> . . . . 191.	Errands . . . . <i>ndz</i> . . . . 74.
Learned . . . <i>rnd</i> . . . . 117.	Rambled . . . <i>bld</i> . . . . 168.

#### *The Long Play-Day.*

“O MOTHER,” said Ned Willis, one bright summer’s morning, as he ran down stairs with his little sail-boat in his hand — “O mother, do let me play all day to-day. I want to sail my boat, and fly my kite, and do a great many other things,”

“You forget, my child,” said Mrs. Willis, “that your teacher will expect you at school.”

“School! Dear me, that old school! I wish there were no such word as school, — *s-k-u-l-e*, school. I wonder what such places

were ever made for," muttered Ned, with a very cross look.

"To teach you to spell better than you do now," said his mother, "and to be more obedient and industrious. You have often grieved me, Edward, with your wish to stay from school, and play. To-day, I will grant your wish, as a punishment.

"You must not go to school, nor do any work to-day. Go and play in the fields, spend your time in any way you like; only remember, you must not do any thing which can injure another. Be careful to commit no other sin than wasting your time, for that is certainly enough, and you will find that it brings with it its own unhappiness."

Edward waited only till his mother ceased speaking, and then he bounded away into the fields and woods, followed by his faithful Ponto. He could not believe it possible that he would be less happy at play than at school, and was almost overjoyed to think his mother had given him so much time for his sports.

"What a nice punishment!" said he to himself, "to play all the long day, and not have a lesson to recite! I would be naughty very often, if I could get punished in this way

always. But I wish the other boys were here to play with me."

The morning passed rapidly away amid his sports; but, before noon, he began to be fatigued. He had watched his little boat, played with his ball, trundled his hoop, and chased butterflies, until play had ceased to be amusement. Even flying his kite, which before had seemed a never-failing resort, now seemed wearisome; and Ponto was nearly as tired as his young master.

Edward sat listlessly down in the shade, and began to think what a long time must pass before night. He had usually so much to do, so many lessons to learn, and so many little errands to do for his friends, that the hours passed rapidly away. Now it seemed as if it never would be night.

When he went home to dinner, he felt a secret wish that his mother would propose his going to school in the afternoon; but he did not like to ask her, and she wisely thought it was better for him to stay away, until he had learned how great a blessing it was to attend.

"Do you not wish me to do some message for you, mother?" said he, after dinner.

"No, Edward; this is your play-day; enjoy it as much as possible," said his mother, gravely.

Edward turned sadly away, and rambled back to the field with very different feelings from those with which he started in the morning.

He had been an idle boy; he had grieved his parents often by teasing to stay at home when he should be at school; and once or twice had even been so wicked as to play truant. But now he felt as if he would be glad to get back to school. He seated himself beneath a large oak-tree, and there remained through the afternoon.

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### LESSON XXXIV.

Fatigue. . . . . <i>tĕg</i> . . . . . 7.	Whistling . . . <i>sl</i> . . . . . 186.
Aroused . . . . . <i>zd</i> . . . . . 166.	Next . . . . . <i>kst</i> . . . . . 149.
Moment . . . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.	Arm . . . . . <i>rm</i> . . . . . 113
Surprised . . . <i>sĕr</i> . . . . . 9.	Get . . . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.
Convinced . . . <i>nst</i> . . . . . 88.	Pleasant . . . <i>ănt</i> . . . . . 4.
Forgotten . . . <i>ő</i> . . . . . 15.	Over . . . . . <i>vĕr</i> . . . . . 9.

#### *How the Long Play-Day ended.*

FORTUNATELY, Edward's fatigue, together with the heat of the day, made him feel sleepy, and he spent an hour or two of the time

in a deep slumber ; but, even with whistling, singing, and flinging stones into the river, he found the time passed slowly.

He was, at length, aroused by a glad voice among the trees and bushes near, singing, "Away to school!"

"There's Willie Ashton," he exclaimed, with sudden joy, springing up to meet his playmate.

The next moment, William Ashton came up, with a light step, bearing a basket of flowers on his arm. He was a noble-looking lad, some years older than Edward, and with a much more thoughtful countenance. He looked surprised when he saw Edward, and said, with a very serious voice, "Why, Ned, I am sorry to see you here. Why have you not been to school to-day?"

"O, mother gave me leave to go and play," said Ned, looking quite ashamed.

"Well," said William, "I cannot think you have enjoyed it as much as if you had been at school. We had a first-rate time at recess to-day. Then, too, we all had good lessons, and our teacher praised us, and looked so happy! And see, I have filled my basket with flowers for sister Jane. You know she has been sick, and I get her some every night as I go home, they please her so much."

"I wish I was as good a boy as you are, William," said Ned, thoughtfully.

"I did not love study any better than you now do, until after I began to attend Sabbath school," said William. "My teacher there talked with me about it, and told me God had given me a mind that I might get knowledge, and I ought to use it for some good purpose. Then I determined to try, and now I love to attend school, and learn all I can."

"But I never attended Sabbath school," said Ned; "I always thought it was a dull place, and it was bad enough to have to go to school other days."

"That is a mistake," replied William; "and, if you will go with me next Sabbath, you will be convinced it is very pleasant."

I have not room to write down *all* they said. William talked long and earnestly with his young companion, while the hoop and kite were forgotten, and Ponto stood by, looking as if he understood every word.

Edward was soon a happy Sunday-school boy. When he was old enough, he became a teacher in the same school; and now he is a minister of the gospel, preaching in a town near by.

He often walks, with William Ashton, to

the place where they met that summer day, and, as they talk over their boyhood's hours, he thanks William, again and again, for persuading him to attend the pleasant Sabbath school.

# LESSON XXXV.

Evening . . . . <i>ng</i> . . . . 76.	Mountains . . <i>tīnz</i> . . . 11.
Wandered . . <i>dērd</i> . . . 99.	Spread . . . . <i>spr</i> . . . 212.
Dwellings . . <i>ngz</i> . . . . 78.	Sounds . . . . <i>ndz</i> . . . 74.
Minstrel's . . <i>strēlz</i> . . 65.	Whistle . . . . <i>sl</i> . . . . 186
Shrill . . . . . <i>shr</i> . . . . 210.	Lark's . . . . . <i>rks</i> . . . 106.
Listened . . . <i>snd</i> . . . . 192.	Durst . . . . . <i>rst</i> . . . . 123.
Inwards . . . . <i>rdz</i> . . . . 100.	Mirth . . . . . <i>rth</i> . . . 126.

## *The Sea-Side.*

ONE evening, as the sun went down,  
 Gilding the mountains bare and brown,  
 I wandered on the shore ;  
 And such a blaze o'er ocean spread,  
 And beauty on the meek earth shed,  
 I never saw before.

I was not lonely ; dwellings fair  
 Were scattered round and shining there ;

Gay groups were on the green  
Of children, wild with reckless glee,  
And parents that could childlike be  
With them and in that scene.

And on the sea, that looked of gold,  
Each toy-like skiff and vessel bold  
Glided, and yet seem'd still ;  
While sounds rose in the quiet air,  
That, mingling, made sweet music there,  
Surpassing minstrel's skill ; —

The breezy murmur from the shore,  
Joy's laugh reëchoed o'er and o'er  
Alike by sire and child,  
The whistle shrill, the broken song,  
The far-off flute-notes lingering long,  
The lark's strain rich and wild.

I looked, I listened, and the spell  
Of music and of beauty fell  
So radiant on my heart,  
That scarcely durst I really deem  
What yet I would not own a dream,  
Lest, dream-like, it depart.

'Twas sunset in the world around ;  
And, looking inwards, so I found



'Twas sunset in the soul ;  
 Nor grief nor mirth was burning there,  
 But musings sweet, and visions fair,  
 In placid beauty stole.

But moods like these, the human mind,  
 Though seeking oft, may seldom find,  
 Or, finding, force to stay ;  
 As dew upon the drooping flower,  
 That, having shone their little hour,  
 Dry up, or fall away.

But, though all pleasures take their flight,  
 Yet some will leave memorials bright  
 For many an after year ;  
 This sunset, which dull night will shade,  
 These visions, that must quickly fade,  
 Will half-immortal memory braid  
 For me, when far from here.

## LESSON XXXVI.

Watery . . . . <i>tér</i> . . . . 9.	Links . . . . <i>ngks</i> . . . . 82.
Morals . . . . <i>ǎlz</i> . . . . 65.	Wisest . . . . <i>ěst</i> . . . . 8.
Borrow . . . . <i>rō</i> . . . . 12.	Certain . . . . <i>sér</i> . . . . 9.
Rules . . . . . <i>u</i> . . . . 20.	Property . . . . <i>ér</i> . . . . 9.
Regard . . . . <i>rd</i> . . . . 99.	Reasons . . . . <i>snz</i> . . . . 191.
Born . . . . . <i>rn</i> . . . . 116.	Giver . . . . <i>ér</i> . . . . 9.

*Lesser Morals.*

“Despise not little sins ; the gallant ship may sink,  
Though only drop by drop the watery tide it drink.”

THERE are connecting links between manners and those virtues sometimes called the lesser morals.

Some persons will say to you, “Neither a borrower nor a lender be.” But the wisest teacher and the surest guide says, “From him that would borrow of thee, turn not away.” And surely it is better to be a loser by the confidingness of borrowing and the generosity of lending, than to become selfish and unsocial.

Observe certain rules in borrowing. Borrow seldom, and return punctually. Be careful in no way to injure the property you borrow. You cannot cultivate a too sacred regard to the rights of property.

In refusing an application, give your reasons, but speak gently. This speaking gently will do much for your peace and happiness in life. There is hardly a disposition so rough, a temper so hot and hasty, that it cannot be softened and pacified by gentleness.

Let me entreat you to observe the lesser morals, as well as good manners at home.

They should grow in the home field ; and, if practised there, they will become habits — sitting so naturally and gracefully on you, that it will seem as if they were born with you.

When you receive a favor, small or great, do not omit some suitable expression of gratitude for it. A gift, however small the value, implies kindness in the giver, and therefore should call forth a grateful feeling, and the grateful feeling should be expressed.

You may not be rich ; you may not have one penny ; but you all have opportunities of doing small kindnesses ; and these, after all, make up the sum of life.

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## LESSON XXXVII.

Acts. . . . . <i>ks</i> . . . . . 151.	Asked. . . . . <i>skt</i> . . . . . 154.
Street. . . . . <i>str</i> . . . . . 213.	Said . . . . . <i>sěd</i> . . . . . 8.
Answered . . <i>sěrd</i> . . . . . 9.	Perplexed. . <i>kst</i> . . . . . 149.
Dozen . . . . . <i>zn</i> . . . . . 201.	Begged. . . . <i>gd</i> . . . . . 145.
Raleigh's . . <i>a</i> . . . . . 3.	Courtesy . . <i>kěr</i> . . . . . 9.

### *Lesser Morals. — Acts of Kindness.*

If you are asked for a direction on a country road, or in a city street, give it carefully,

and as accurately as you can, and give it civilly.

A woman met three boys in Broadway, near Pearl Street. They were coming from school. "Can you tell me," she asked, "the way to Vandam Street?"

One looked up in her face, and made no reply. The second ran on, kicked up his heels, and shouted, "Vandam Street, hey, Bill!" The third stopped, and said, "Turn down Pearl Street, and go on till you come to Vandewater Street. It must be Vandewater Street you want, because Vandam Street is up town."

"Which is Pearl Street?" asked the woman. "The second or third street from here," he answered; "you will see the name on the corner."

"Thin I am niver the one that can read it," she said; "and my sister will be dead before I get to her."

The boy saw that the poor woman was distressed and perplexed, and he said kindly, "I will show you the way." And he actually turned back, and went with her to the corner of Vandewater Street.

This was no great action, but it showed the boy kind and unselfish. It was never forgotten.

The streets are now filled with melting snow, and the gutters obstructed and overflowed. A lady was standing at a corner yesterday, past which a stream of water rushed, so wide that she could not step over it. Half a dozen boys stood at the opposite corner, laughing at her dilemma.

One of them stepped from among his companions, and, too manly to care for their laugh, took a board that was lying over the gutter where he stood, carried it across the street, laid it down for the lady to pass over, brought it back, and landed her on the walk near the boys. They walked so quietly away, that I trust the gentlemanly conduct of their companion did them good.

Last winter, an elderly lady met with a similar obstruction. A laboring man was passing. There was no plank at hand. He set his foot in the water for a stepping-place, and, extending his hand to her, begged her to put her foot on his.

You may have heard of Sir Walter Raleigh's gallantry to Queen Elizabeth — how he threw the cloak from his shoulders into the mud for her to step upon. We think our American laborer's courtesy exceeded even Sir Walter Raleigh's.

I will give you one more example, my young friends, of the courtesy I wish you to adopt.

I saw yesterday two boys, just let out of a public school, running into Washington Park. One was pursuing the other. The first pushed past a lady, who was just entering the gate, and let the gate slam after him. The other boy, apparently not less eager, opened the gate, and held it open till the lady had passed through. The boy was off before the lady had time to thank him.

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## LESSON XXXVIII.

Mourner . . . <i>rn</i> . . . . . 116.	Smiled . . . . . <i>ld</i> . . . . . 46.
Used . . . . . <i>zd</i> . . . . . 166.	Join . . . . . <i>oi</i> . . . . . 21.
Observed . . . <i>rvd</i> . . . . . 129.	Hollow . . . . . <i>lō</i> . . . . . 12.
Next . . . . . <i>kst</i> . . . . . 149.	Morn . . . . . <i>rn</i> . . . . . 116.
Again . . . . . <i>ĕn</i> . . . . . 8.	Tears . . . . . <i>rz</i> . . . . . 132.

### *The Young Mourner.*

LEAVING her sports, in pensive tone,

'Twas thus a fair, young mourner said :

“ How sad we are now we're alone !

I wish my mother was not dead.

“ I can remember she was fair,  
And how she kindly looked and smiled ;  
When she would fondly stroke my hair,  
And call me her belovéd child.

“ Before my mother went away,  
You never sighed as now you do ;  
You used to join us at our play,  
And be our merriest playmate too.

“ Father, I can remember when  
I first observed her sunken eye,  
And her pale, hollow cheek ; and then  
I told my brother she would die.

“ And the next morn they did not speak,  
But led us to her silent bed ;  
They bade us kiss her icy cheek,  
And told us she indeed was dead.

“ O, then I thought how she was kind,  
My own beloved and gentle mother ;  
And calling all I knew to mind,  
I thought there ne’er was such another.

“ Poor little Charles and I, that day,  
We sat within our silent room ;  
But we could neither read nor play ;  
The very walls seemed full of gloom.

“ I wish my mother had not died ;  
 We never have been glad since then .  
 They say, and is it true,” she cried,  
 “ That she can never come again ? ”

The father checked his tears, and thus  
 He spoke : “ My child, they do not err,  
 Who say she cannot come to us ;  
 But you and I may go to her.

“ Remember your dear mother still,  
 And the pure precepts she has given ;  
 Like her, be humble, free from ill,  
 And you shall see her face in heaven ”

## LESSON XXXIX.

Sparkled . . <i>kld</i> . . . . . 180.	Crossings . . <i>ngz</i> . . . . . 78.
Large . . . . <i>rdzh</i> . . . . . 103.	Reversed . . <i>rst</i> . . . . . 123.
Hurrah . . . <i>â</i> . . . . . 2.	Pebbles . . . <i>blz</i> . . . . . 169.
Length . . . <i>ngth</i> . . . . . 80.	Umbrella . . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.
Fellow . . . <i>lô</i> . . . . . 12.	Leaves . . . <i>vz</i> . . . . . 164.

### *The Perfect Gentleman.*

ONE afternoon, in spring, there had been a sudden gust of wind and a slight shower of



rain. It soon passed over; the sun shone out brightly, and the rain-drops sparkled like diamonds upon the trees of Boston Common.

The Boston boys love the Common, and well they may; for where could they find a more glorious play-ground? During the shower, the boys had taken shelter under the trees. As soon as it had passed, they resumed their amusements.

On one of the crossings, or walks, appeared a small, plainly-dressed old woman, with a cane in one hand, and a large, green umbrella in the other. She was bent with age and infirmity, and walked slowly. The green umbrella was open, and turned up in the most comical manner. The wind had suddenly reversed it, without the knowledge or consent of the old lady, and she now held it in one hand, like a huge flower with a long stalk.

“Hurrah! hurrah!” cried one of the boys, pointing to the umbrella; “mammoth cabbages for sale! mammoth cabbages!”

The whole rabble of boys joined in the cry, and ran hooting after the poor old woman. She looked around at them with grave wonder, and endeavored to hasten her tottering footsteps.

They still pursued her, and at length began

pelting with pebbles the upstanding umbrella ; some crying, " Mammoth cabbages ! " and others, " New-fashioned sunshades ! "

She turned again, and said, with tears in her eyes, " What have I done, my little lads, that you should thus trouble me ? "

" It is a shame," said a neatly-dressed, fine-looking boy, who rushed through the crowd to the rescue of the poor woman.

" Madam," said he, " your umbrella has turned in the wind ; will you allow me to close it for you ? "

" Thank you," she replied. " Then that is what those boys are hooting at. Well, it does look funny," added she, as she looked at the cause of their merriment. The kind-hearted boy endeavored to turn it down, but it was no easy task ; the whalebones seemed obstinately bent upon standing upright.

The boys changed the object of their attack, and the pebbles rattled like hail upon the manly fellow who was struggling to relieve the poor woman from her awkward predicament.

" You are a mean fellow to spoil our fun," said they, " but you can't do it ; cabbage leaves will grow upwards."

He, however, at length succeeded, and, clos-

ing the troublesome umbrella, handed it to the old woman with a polite bow.

“Thank you, thank you a thousand times, sir,” said she; “and I should like to know your name, that I may repay you whenever I can find an opportunity.”

“By no means,” replied he; “I am happy to have rendered you this trifling service;” and he walked away. “Well,” said she, “whoever you are, your father and mother have reason to be proud of you, for you are a gentleman — a perfect gentleman.”

## LESSON XL.

Loving . . . . . <i>ng</i> . . . . . 76.	Children . . . <i>drěn</i> . . . . 204.
Word . . . . . <i>êrd</i> . . . . . 99.	Quarrel . . . <i>a</i> . . . . . 5.
Forget . . . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.	Grant . . . . . <i>gr</i> . . . . . 96

### *Brotherly Love.*

THE God of heaven is pleased to see  
A little family agree,  
And will not slight the praise they bring,  
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please him more  
 Than if we give him all our store ;  
 And children here, who dwell in love,  
 Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child, that tries to please, —  
 That hates to quarrel, fret, and tease,  
 And would not say an angry word, —  
 That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God, forgive, whenever we  
 Forget thy will and disagree ;  
 And grant that each of us may find  
 The sweet delight of being kind.

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### LESSON XLI.

Perhaps. . . . . <i>pér.</i> . . . . 9.	Vineyard. . . . . <i>ž.</i> . . . . 11.
Discovered . . . <i>érd.</i> . . . . 99.	Gathers . . . . . <i>ž.</i> . . . . 4.
Depends . . . . . <i>ndz.</i> . . . . 74.	Thirst . . . . . <i>érst.</i> . . 123.
Whilst. . . . . <i>lst.</i> . . . . 59.	General . . . . . <i>ér.</i> . . . . 9

### *Selfishness Unsocial.*

THERE is, perhaps, no vice which is sooner  
 discovered by the world, or, when discovered,

more detested, than selfishness. Placed, as we are, in a world where, but by the assistance of others, we can expect neither enjoyment nor happiness, how monstrous appears such a vice !

A boy accompanied his father into the vineyard. He there discovered a bee in a spider's web. The spider was already preparing to kill the bee. But the boy liberated the bee, and destroyed the web of the spider.

The father of the boy, who saw it, inquired, "How can you esteem the instinct and dexterity of this animal so little as to destroy its web, on which so much skill and labor have been bestowed ? Did you not observe with what beauty and regularity the tender threads were arranged ? How can you, then, at the same time, be so compassionate and yet so severe ?"

The boy replied, "Is not the ingenuity of the spider wicked ? Does it not tend to kill and destroy ? But the bee gathers honey and wax in its hive. Therefore I liberated the bee, and destroyed the web of the spider."

The father commended the judgment of ingenuous simplicity, which condemns the bright cunning that springs from selfishness and aims at mischief and ruin.

"But," continued the father, "perhaps you have still done injustice to the spider. See, it

defends our rich grapes from the flies and wasps, with the web which it spins over them."

"Does it do this," inquired the boy, "to protect the fruit, or rather to satisfy its own thirst for blood?"

"True," answered the father, "they concern themselves but little about the grapes."

"O," said the boy, "the good which they practise without designing it, is of no value. A good motive is all that makes a good action estimable and lovely."

"Very true," said the father; "our thanks are due to God, who knows how to employ what is vicious and unfriendly in the preservation of what is good and useful."

Then the boy inquired, "Why does the spider sit alone in its web, whilst the bees live together in social union, and work for general good? Thus the spider ought to make a large common net."

"Dear child," replied the father, "*many* can, with safety, unite only in a noble design. The alliance of wickedness and selfishness carries the seed of ruin in itself."

## LESSON XLII.

'Neath . . . . <i>th</i> . . . . 40.	Going . . . . <i>ng</i> . . . . 76.
Before . . . . <i>ē</i> . . . . 7.	Swallows . . <i>ōz</i> . . . . 12.
Seek'st . . . . <i>kst</i> . . . . 149.	Ask . . . . <i>sk</i> . . . . 152

*Voices from Nature.*

CHILD.

RIVER, river, stop and tell me,  
Whither going with such speed ?

RIVER.

No, I cannot stop, for onward  
I must go, the sea to feed.  
I am one with many others, —  
To the same great deep we go,  
Pouring into it forever ;  
Yet it doth not overflow.

CHILD.

Little brook, stay still a moment,  
Dancing 'neath the summer sun,  
With such sweet and pleasant music ;  
Tell me, whither do you run ?

BROOK.

I am hastening to the river,  
And I cannot longer stay :

I am one with many others,  
Who must feed it day by day.

## CHILD.

Little rill, which down the mountain,  
Like a silver thread, dost flow,  
Tell me now, before you leave me,  
Why you are in haste to go.

## RILL.

Downward, downward, little maiden,  
Is a voice that bids me speed,  
Where a little brook is waiting,  
Which my limpid drops must feed.  
I am one with many others,  
And when spring's first hours awake,  
Into life and motion springing,  
To the plains our course we take.

## CHILD.

Rain-drops, which so fast are falling, --  
Patter, patter on the ground, --  
Much I love to stand and watch you :  
Much I love your merry sound ;  
But, I pray you, stop and tell me,  
On what mission are you bound ?



## RAIN.

Humble as my mission seemeth,  
Maiden, to your thoughtful eye,  
Yet for good, by God's appointment,  
Drop by drop, I fall from high ;  
And, without me, mightiest rivers  
Soon would leave their channels dry

Musing, then, the little maiden  
Inward for a moral turned ;  
Where, to light the spirit-temple,  
Truth upon the altar burned.  
“ Rain,” she said, “ from heaven descending,  
Feeds the little mountain rill ;  
Onward, onward, all are hastening,  
Never for a moment still.  
Rill, and brook, and mighty river,  
All to the deep ocean go ;  
All, the thirsty ocean swallows,  
Yet it doth not overflow.”

Child, that seek'st from this a moral,  
Ask of truth, and thou shalt know.

## LESSON XLIII.

Coming. . . . . <i>ing</i> . . . . . 76.	}	Nothing. . . . . <i>õ</i> . . . . . 16.
Don't . . . . . <i>õ</i> . . . . . 12.		Just . . . . . <i>ũ</i> . . . . . 18
Truth . . . . . <i>u</i> . . . . . 20.		Repaired. . . . . <i>rd</i> . . . . . 99.

*The Two Gardeners.*

Two gardeners, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other on their misfortune.

"Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! Do you know, I have done nothing but fret ever since? But, how is this? you seem to have a fine, healthy crop coming up just now. What are these?"

"These!" cried the other gardener; "why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss."

"What! coming up already?" cried the fretter.

"Yes, while you were fretting, I was working."

"What! and don't you fret when you have a loss?"

"Yes, but I always put it off until I have repaired the mischief."

“Why, then you have no need to fret at all.”

“True,” replied the industrious gardener, “and that is the very reason for putting it off; in truth, it is very pleasant to have no longer reason to think of misfortunes; and it is astonishing how many might be repaired by a little alacrity and energy.”

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## LESSON XLIV.

[In each of the following sentences, the words in *Italics* are contrasted; the one begins with the aspirate *h*, the other does not. The pupil should be careful to sound the *h* distinctly whenever it occurs in these Exercises.]

### *Exercise on Aspiration.*

IN the *ardor* of a race, a horse is likely to run *harder* than when he is only exercising.

He must be *heartless* who would wrong an *artless* child.

A sailor is used to cry out, “*Haul* away,” and a cobbler to work with an *awl*.

The sharper an *axe* is, the cleaner it cuts; the blunter it is, the more it *hacks*.

Many a city-bred man would be too great a *coward* to pass through a field, in which cattle were grazing ; while the *cowherd* does it daily without thinking of danger.

A good girl may *err* through ignorance ; but then she will be ready to acknowledge *her* fault, and to make amends for it.

It must be very pleasant to visit the *highlands* and *islands* of Scotland. They contain many *high* hills and mountains, and romantic views, that cannot fail to charm the *eye* of the traveller.

I have bought a *hoe* to dig up the weeds in my garden, and I *owe* the hardware dealer for it ; and he *owes* the draper for a pair of cotton *hose*.

It is not usual for *whales* to visit the coast of *Wales* ; but seals and porpoises are often found there.

My father sends his razor to the cutler's to be sharpened, because he has not a *hone* of his *own*, on which to whet it.

The *way* to make curds and *whey*, is to put a little rennet into milk that is warm, and let it stand till it is cool.

By means of a barometer or *weather* glass, you can judge *whether* it will rain or not.

I was looking *all* about the *hall* for my ring

that I dropped, *and* Charles did not tell me that he had it in his *hand* all the while.

At the end of our garden there is an *arbor*, from which we can see the ships in the *harbor*.

In going through a ploughed field, with my bow and *arrow*, I stumbled and fell against a *harrow*. I struck my *arm*, and it hurt me a good deal at the time ; but I hope no *harm* will come of it.

*As* my *aunt* has many choice flowers in her garden, she keeps it locked, that the idlers who *haunt* the neighborhood may not take them.

A timid lady, who was riding in a chaise near a cliff, told the driver to come away from the *hedge*, and keep close to the *edge*. The driver did as he was ordered ; but, as the lady became greatly alarmed, he found that she meant to tell him to keep away from the *edge*, and go close to the *hedge*.

If you put a conch-shell to your *ear*, you will *hear* a noise something like the distant roaring of the sea.

When George is playing at cricket, he is very good at bowling others out ; but when it *is his* turn to strike the ball, he can hardly ever *hit it*.

Farmers, in the old country, sometimes leave a hole in their barns, that the *owl* may fly in

and catch the mice that feast upon the corn ;  
and they keep watch-dogs that bark and *howl*,  
when any thing is the matter.

By means of *heat* we cook our food, and so  
render it fit for us to *eat*.

Having eaten too much *hash* for dinner, I  
was so *ill*, that, in walking up the *hill*, I was  
glad to rest under a stately *ash*, instead of  
taking a long walk, as I intended.

When several words in succession begin with  
the same letter, it is called ALLITERATION. A  
remarkable instance of it occurs in respect to  
Wolsey, who, from a butcher's son, became  
archbishop of York. Of him it is said, —

“Born to be a butcher, but by bishops bred,  
How haughtily his highness holds his head !

## LESSON XLV.

Equal.....ă. ....4.	Wants.....nts. ....90
Different....fēr....9.	Noblest....ě.....8.
Worn.....rn!!...116.	Parted. ....rt. ....124

### *The Old Man and his Three Sons.*

AN aged father, tired of care,  
To his three sons his wealth confided,

To each an ample, equal share,  
And thus for all their wants provided ;  
But one rich treasure still remains —  
A splendid diamond, bright and rare :  
Each of the sons has equal claims ;  
But which shall add it to his share ?

At last the aged sire decreed  
The costly jewel to bestow  
On him, who, by the noblest deed,  
To it the fairest claim should show.  
The brothers then shook hands and parted,  
And different ways to travel started.

When three short moons had waxed and waned  
Back came the brothers, safe and well.  
The eldest of the three proclaimed  
His birthright first his tale to tell.  
“ Listen,” he cried : “ a stranger met,  
And trusted to me all his store ;  
Surety nor pledge I gave, but yet  
Returned all safely as before.

“ Say, was not this a worthy deed ? ”  
His quick assent the father gave .  
“ Of honesty you win the meed !  
Who had not done so were a knave.

'Tis our mere duty honesty to show ;  
A *noble* action this falls far below."

The second said, "Forth as I went,  
Sudden a child in a deep river fell ;  
Quick in the flood I leaped with kind intent,  
And from the water bore it safe and well.  
An assembled village saw the action done,  
And heaped their fervent praises on your son."

"Brave was the deed, my son, and kind ; but you  
Did but what all, as men, are bound to do."

The third son spoke : "One hot and sultry day,  
I came where, worn with watching by his  
sheep,  
My deadly foe, in slumber, near me lay,  
Close to the brink of a most frightful steep.

"No one was near, no eye was there but mine :  
Gently I woke him, and from danger drew."  
The father's eyes with joy and rapture shine ;  
"'Twas nobly done ; the ring belongs to you."

Favors on friends 'tis easy to bestow ;  
Noble the deed to benefit a foe.



## LESSON XLVI.

Sofa . . . . . <i>ō</i> . . . . . 12.	New . . . . . <i>ū</i> . . . . . 17.
Something . . . <i>ng</i> . . . . . 76.	Fruits . . . . . <i>u</i> . . . . . 20.
Tastes . . . . . <i>sts</i> . . . . . 158.	Been . . . . . <i>ī</i> . . . . . 11.
Different . . . <i>ěnt</i> . . . . . 8.	Care . . . . . <i>a</i> . . . . . 6.
Due . . . . . <i>ū</i> . . . . . 17.	Were . . . . . <i>wēr</i> . . . . . 9.

*The Garden.*

“I WISH you would tell me a story, Mary,” said little Charlie, in a feeble tone of voice, as he was lying quietly upon the sofa.

Charlie had been sick for several days. He was now better, but still felt quite weak and languid. He had been trying to play a little, and was “very tired,” as he said. So his sister advised him to lie down and rest.

She had drawn her chair near the sofa, so that, when the little boy looked up, he could see that she was by him; for she knew that children, when they are unwell, sometimes feel lonely.

She smiled when Charlie asked her “to tell a story,” and said, “I don’t think of any new story now, dear; but I will tell you something about a pleasant garden, which, I think, will interest you.”

“Yes, that will do,” said Charlie.

So Mary went on to say, —

“A great and good king once made a very large and beautiful garden. He wanted every body that walked in it to be very happy ; so he planted it with the most fragrant flowers and the richest fruits.

“To please different tastes, he determined that it should contain every variety of soil ; and he easily accomplished this by some wonderful process, which no one but himself has ever been able to discover. And what, perhaps, is more wonderful still, he created as many different climates as there were soils.

“And he planted in each of these different soils different kinds of beautiful flowers, and juicy fruits, and nourishing grain, so that the productions of this garden were almost infinite in variety.

“And he took great care of the garden, always watering it in due season, and neglecting nothing necessary to its cultivation. He employed a great many to work under his directions, in dressing and keeping it, but he was himself the head gardener.

“He superintended every thing. He was never slothful nor weary. He knew that, without his constant superintending care, the garden

would soon run to waste, that there would be no more 'seed time nor harvest;' and he never, for a moment, withdrew that care.

"So, except where the under-gardeners failed to observe his directions, it was always in good order, its soil continually growing richer, and its productions improving."

Here Mary stopped speaking, and Charlie, who had been listening very attentively, half raised himself on his elbow, and said, —

"I know what you mean, sister. The garden is our earth, and the good king who made it, and who takes care of it, is God."

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## LESSON XLVII.

Fountain . . . . <i>tín</i> . . . . 11.	Shining . . . <i>ng</i> . . . . 76.
Help . . . . . <i>lp</i> . . . . 54.	Doth . . . . . <i>o</i> . . . . 16.
Influence . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . 8.	Form . . . . . <i>rm</i> . . . . 113.

### *Youthful Example.*

WHAT if a little drop should say,  
 "So small a drop as I  
 Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;  
 I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if a shining beam of noon  
 Should in its fountain stay,  
 Because its feeble light alone  
 Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form  
 The cool, refreshing shower,  
 And every ray of light to warm  
 And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,  
 O Lord, to truth and thee;  
 Then shall its power by all be felt,  
 However small it be.

### LESSON XLVIII.

Works . . . . . <i>érks</i> . . . 106.	Strings . . . . . <i>ngz</i> . . . 78.
Thousands . . <i>ändz</i> . . . 74.	General . . . . . <i>ér</i> . . . . 9.
Convinced . . . <i>nst</i> . . . 83.	Architect . . . <i>kĩ</i> . . . . 11.
Conclude . . . <i>ř</i> . . . . 15.	Port . . . . . <i>rt</i> . . . . 124

*The Creator known by his Works.*

IN a musical instrument, when we observe a number of strings set to harmony, we conclude that some skilful musician has tuned them.

When we see thousands of men in a field, marshalled under their respective colors, all yielding exact obedience, we infer, that there is a general, to whose orders they are subject.

In a watch, when we observe springs, and wheels, great and small, each so fitted as to concur to an orderly motion, we acknowledge the skill of an artificer.

When we come into a printing-house, and see a vast variety of different letters, so regulated and disposed as to make a book, we are at once convinced that there is some composer, by whose art they were brought into such a frame.

When we behold a fair building, we conclude it had an architect; and when we see a stately ship, completely fitted out and safely conducted to port, we know it had builders and a pilot.

The visible world is such an instrument, army, watch, building, book, and ship, as undeniably proves that God was, and is, the tuner, general, and artificer, the architect, and pilot of it.

Let us, then, acknowledge God in all our ways; let us love, and serve, and praise him as our Creator, Preserver, and constant Benefactor.

## LESSON XLIX.

Surprise . . . . . <i>sêr</i> . . . . . 9.	Attempts . . . <i>mts</i> . . . . . 71
Seeing . . . . . <i>ng</i> . . . . . 76.	Enjoy . . . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.
Violence . . . . . <i>ô</i> . . . . . 12.	Instance . . . . . <i>ă</i> . . . . . 4.

*Pleasure should be sought with Moderation.*

A BOY, pleased with the colors of a butterfly, chased it from flower to flower, with untiring pains.

First, he tried to surprise it among the leaves of a rose ; then, to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daisy.

At one time, he hoped to secure it as it sported on a sprig of myrtle ; and, at another, grew sure of his prize, seeing it loiter on a bed of violets But the fickle fly still escaped from his attempts.

At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatching it with violence, crushed it in pieces.

Thus, by his eagerness to enjoy it, he lost the object of his pursuit.

From this instance young persons may learn, that pleasure is like a painted butterfly ; which, if pursued with moderation, may serve for our amusement ; but which, if embraced with too much ardor, will perish in the grasp.

## LESSON L.

Fellow . . . <i>lō</i> . . . . . 12.	Helps . . . . . <i>lps</i> . . . . . 55.
Nimble . . . <i>bl</i> . . . . . 167.	Something . . . <i>īng</i> . . . 76.
Errand . . . <i>ēr-rand</i> . 8, 73.	Scampers, . . <i>ēr-z</i> . . . . 132.
Snarling . . <i>ārl</i> . . . . . 2, 109.	Rule . . . . . <i>u</i> . . . . . 20.

*The Good Boy.*

I'LL tell you a story — and what is't about ?  
 A fine little fellow, called Jeremy Stout ;  
 The best of all boys for frolic and fun,  
 But never, O, never, till work is all done ;  
 And work he begins as soon as it's light,  
 Chops wood, makes a fire, all burning so bright,  
 And puts on the kettle and sweeps the dirt out ;  
 A fine little fellow is Jeremy Stout.

He's nimble and quick, he's careful and wise,  
 He keeps his mouth shut, and opens his eyes ;  
 He works for his father and helps his poor  
     mother,  
 And does all he can for sister and brother ;  
 He'll run of an errand before you can wink,  
 He'll know what you want before you can think ;  
 O, I tell you he's worth writing something  
     about ;  
 A fine little fellow is Jeremy Stout.

He never gets mad, he never tells lies ;  
 If things don't go right, the harder he tries ,  
 He can play without snarling, or fighting, or  
     swearing ;  
 And if somebody does what he feels there's no  
     bearing,  
 He says, " If you act so, I'm sure I can't stay ;"  
 And Jeremy laughs, and scampers away ;  
 O, I never saw Jeremy sulking about ;  
 Good-natured and merry is Jeremy Stout.

Now Jeremy's poor, and wears an old hat,  
 And he's ugly to look at; but who cares for that ?  
 But stop ; is he here ? He's always at school,  
 He learns all he can, and minds every rule ;  
 But no, I don't see him ; he's not here to-day ;  
 So I'll finish at once what I'm going to say—  
 That of all the good boys I know hereabout,  
 The one we love best is Jeremy Stout.

---

## LESSON LI.

Dressed . . . <i>st.</i> . . . . . 157.	Tribes . . . . . <i>bz.</i> . . . . . 134
Animals . . . <i>ǎlz.</i> . . . . . 65.	Were . . . . . <i>wér.</i> . . . . . 9.
Purpose . . . <i>pér-pūs.</i> . . 18.	Fields . . . . . <i>ldz.</i> . . . . . 47.
Busy . . . . . <i>bǐz-zy.</i> . . 11.	Making . . . . . <i>ǐng.</i> . . . . 76.
Warble . . . <i>r.</i> . . . . . 32.	Pursue . . . . . <i>sū.</i> . . . . . 17.



*The Bird, the Bee, and the Butterfly.*

ON a fine summer's day, when all nature was dressed in its gayest colors, and the various tribes of animals were sporting in the fields, there were among the rest a bird, a bee, and a butterfly.

The bird was engaged in building its nest. For this purpose it made many excursions from the tree where the nest was placed, to the surrounding fields, and returned each time with a small twig, or a straw in its mouth. Although the progress which it made appeared, at first, to be very slow, yet, by continually repeating the journey, and every time adding something, the nest was soon completed.

The bee, likewise, was busy in collecting honey from different flowers; and what she thus collected, she deposited in the hive for her present and future supply.

Meanwhile the butterfly was roving from flower to flower, regaling himself with their sweets, or enjoying their beauties, without making any provision for the future.

By and by the summer was gone. The bird had built its nest and reared its young to warble in the grove. The bee, too, was enjoying the fruit of her industry in the hive. But the poor

butterfly was without a dwelling and without provision, exposed to all the miseries of want and distress.

Young children, in each of these three little creatures you may see a picture of yourselves; and each of them is capable of affording you instruction.

Imitate the example of the bird. Whatever study you pursue, follow it with diligence and perseverance. Though you may gain but little knowledge in an hour, yet, by repeated and continued application, you will acquire a great deal.

The bee collects but little honey on each excursion, yet, at the end of the season, she has enough in store for the winter, in like manner should you treasure up knowledge, that it may be ready for use on all occasions.

The period of youth is to you what the summer is to the bee. If you improve it with equal diligence, it will do much to render your future life useful and happy.

But if, like the butterfly, you are continually roving from one pursuit to another, your knowledge will be of little more value than the plumage of that insect. When you meet with trials and difficulties, you will be as unable to bear them, as the butterfly is to endure the

cold of winter ; and you will, in all likelihood, pass the remainder of your lives in obscurity and distress.

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# LESSON LII.

Strings.....ngz. ... 78.	Cared .....a..... 6.
Heart.....rt..... 124.	Sounds .....ndz.... 74.
Perhaps ....pér. ... 9.	Bruise .....u. .... 20.
Loosened...snd. ... 192.	Stairs.....a. .... 6.

## *Tie your Shoe-Strings.*

I KNEW a little, heedless boy,  
 Who seldom thought or cared,  
 If he could get his cake and toy,  
 How other matters fared.

No malice in his heart was there ;  
 And scarce a fault beside,  
 So great as that of wanting care  
 To keep his shoe-strings tied.

You'd often see him on the run,  
 To chase the geese about,  
 While both his shoe-strings were un-  
 done,  
 With one, perhaps, slipped out.

He'd tread on one ; then down he'd go ,  
While round the welkin rings  
With bitter cries, and sounds of woe,  
“ Why don't he tie his strings ? ”

Then home he'd hasten through the street,  
To tell about his fall ;  
While, on the little sloven's feet,  
The cause was plain to all.

F'or, while he shook his aching hand,  
Complaining of the bruise,  
The strings were trailing through the sand  
From both his loosened shoes.

One day, his father thought a ride  
Would do the children good ;  
But Jemmy's shoe-strings were untied,  
As on the stairs he stood.

In hastening down to take his place,  
With clothes all nice and clean,  
Wide sprawling on his hands and face  
Poor Jemmy soon is seen.

The dragging string had made him trip,  
And bump ! bump ! went his head ;

He bruised his nose, and cut his lip ;  
And tears and blood were shed.

His aching wounds he meekly bore,  
But with a swelling heart  
He heard the carriage, from the door,  
With all but him, depart !

This grievous lesson taught him care,  
And now he says, or sings,  
“No more shall Jemmy ever wear  
A shoe with untied strings.”

---

### LESSON LIII.

Were . . . . . é . . . . . 9.	Ate . . . . . ět . . . . . 8
Gone . . . . . ō . . . . . 15.	Rare . . . . . a . . . . . 6.
Tears . . . . . rz . . . . . 132.	Again . . . . . ě . . . . . 8.
Generous . . . . . ér . . . . . 9.	Arms . . . . . rmz . . . . . 115

### *The Affectionate Children.*

It is a beautiful sight when children treat each other with kindness and love.

Anna and her parents were sitting in a room together, and her little brother Charley was out in the yard drawing his cart about.

The mother went out and brought in some

peaches, a few of which were large rareripes ; the rest small, ordinary peaches.

The father selected one of the rareripes for the mother, and gave one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones, for her to carry to her brother, who was four years old.

Anna went out, and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.

“Did you give your brother the peach I sent him ?” asked her father.

Anna blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

“Did you give your brother the peach I sent him ?” asked her father again, a little more sharply.

“No, father,” said she, “I did not give him *that*.”

“What did you do with it ?” he asked.

“I ate it,” said Anna.

“What ! did you not give your brother any ?”

“Yes, I did, father,” said Anna ; “I gave him mine.”

“Why did you not give him the one I told you to give ?” asked the father, rather sternly.

“Because, father, I thought he would like mine better. I did not mean to be disobedient,” said she, and her lip began to quiver

“But you were disobedient, my daughter”

“I thought you would not be displeased with me, father,” said Anna, “if I did give my brother the largest peach;” and the tears began to appear in her eyes.

“But I wanted you to have the largest,” said her father; “you are older than Charles.”

“I wish you to give the best things to brother,” said the noble-hearted girl.

“Why?” asked the father, scarcely able to contain himself.

“Because,” answered the generous sister, “I love him so; and I always feel best when he gets the best things.”

“You are right, my precious daughter,” said the father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms. “You are right, and you may be certain your happy father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of every thing to your affectionate little brother. Charley is a dear and noble little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you love him?”

“Yes, father,” said the little girl, “I think he does; for, when I offered him the largest peach, he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it.”

## LESSON LIV.

Conscience. <i>shěnse</i> ... 38.	Whispers... <i>ěrz</i> ... 132.
• Sternly .... <i>ěrn</i> ... 116.	Gone ..... <i>ō</i> ..... 15.
Just..... <i>ž</i> ..... 18.	Don't..... <i>ō</i> . .... 12.
Been ..... <i>bŭn</i> . .... 11.	Softest..... <i>ěst</i> . .... 157

*Conscience.*

## YOUNGER BROTHER.

I HAVE a little voice within,  
 That always tells me when I sin ;  
 I'm sure I know not whence it came ;  
 Pray, brother, tell me what's its name.  
 There is no one, however near,  
 Whispers so sternly in my ear ;  
 And often, in my lively play,  
 If any thing I do or say  
 That's wrong or wicked, then I hear  
 This gentle tapping in my ear ;  
 I know it is not mother's tone,  
 Nor father's ; for when they are gone,  
 It keeps on prompting just the same,  
 If aught I do that they would blame.

## ELDER BROTHER.

And, brother, don't it always tell,  
 In kindly notes, when you've done well ?



Are not its whispers always mild,  
 When you have been a duteous child ?  
 God gave not to the bud, nor flower,  
 This inward voice of wondrous power ;  
 Ah, no ; it only has its birth  
 In us, who perish not with earth.  
 Its name is *Conscience*, and 'twill be  
 A voice from which you cannot flee ;  
 It keeps a registry within,  
 Rebuking those who live in sin,  
 And utters words of softest tone  
 To those who will its dictates own.

---

### LESSON LV.

Edged . . . . .	ědzhd. . .	136.	First . . . . .	ěrst. . .	123.
Iron . . . . .	ĩ-ěrn. . .	9.	Holds . . . . .	ldz. . . .	47.
Nothing . . . . .	o. . . . .	16.	Moral . . . . .	ǎ. . . . .	4.
Ruleth . . . . .	u. . . . .	20.	Quarrel . . . .	á. . . . .	5.

*Check the first Risings of Ill Temper.*

THE smith who makes an edged tool, — an axe, a knife, or any such instrument, — first works the iron and steel into the form which he wishes, and then *tempers* it.

While he is working it, he wants to keep it

soft, so that he can work it easy; and this he does by keeping it hot. But after he gets it finished, he heats it in the fire, and dips it in the water, so as to cool it suddenly, and that makes it hard.

If he left it so, it would be so hard that it would break all to pieces, as soon as it was used. So he holds it again over the fire, and heats it a little, to take out a part of the temper, and make it just of the hardness that he wishes.

An instrument that is very hard is called *high-tempered*; one that is very soft is *low-tempered*. This is a good illustration of temper as it appears in us.

A *high temper* is one that is easily excited, and that runs so high as to be in danger of doing great mischief. A *low temper* is a disposition easy and indifferent, like a knife tempered so little that the edge will turn the first time it is used.

Now, you want temper enough not to be indifferent, but not so much as to fly all in pieces. And I know of nothing on which your usefulness and happiness depend more, than on the proper regulation of your temper; and this regards not your own happiness alone, but the happiness of all around you.

One of the first and greatest moral lessons is, to learn to control your temper.

“He that is slow to anger,” says Solomon, “is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.” But, “He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls.”

By indulging an ungoverned temper, you expose yourself to many evils. You show the weak points of your character, and lose the good opinion of others, and your own self-respect.

To be ill-humored, peevish, or cross, is to be unhappy, and to make others so. But a sweet temper will not only make you happy, but, like the balmy breezes of a summer evening, it will shed a sweet fragrance all around you.

You cannot afford to get angry with every one that is disposed to treat you ill. It costs too much.

Did you ever hear a dog barking at the moon? And what did the moon do? It went straight on, and minded nothing about it. The moon could not afford to stop and quarrel with every dog that barks at it.

## LESSON LVI.

Difference... <i>čuse</i> . . . . . 8.	Morning... <i>rn</i> . . . . . 116.
Chapel. . . . . <i>ě</i> . . . . . 8.	Equally... <i>ǎ</i> . . . . . 4.
Hundred... <i>drěd</i> . . 204, 8.	Says . . . . . <i>sez</i> . . . . . 8.

*Difference and Agreement; or, a Sunday Morning in England, in the last century.*

THE bells were ringing for church, and the streets were filled with people moving in all directions.

Here, numbers of well-dressed persons, and a long train of charity children, were thronging in at the doors of a large, handsome church; there, a smaller number, almost equally gay in dress, were entering an elegant meeting-house.

Up one alley, a Roman Catholic congregation were turning into their retired chapel, every one crossing himself as he went in.

The opposite side of the street was covered with a train of Quakers, distinguished by their plain and neat attire and sedate aspect. They walked, without ceremony, into a room as plain as themselves, and took their seats in silence, the men on one side, and the women on the other.

A spacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of Methodists. most of them

poorly habited, but decent and serious in demeanor.

There was also a small society of Baptists in the neighborhood, who quietly occupied their humble place of assembly.

Presently the different services began. The church resounded with the solemn organ, and with the indistinct murmurs of a large body of people, following the minister in responsive prayers.

From the meetings were heard the slow psalm, and the single voice of the leader of their devotions.

The Roman Catholic chapel was enlivened by strains of music, the tinkling of a small bell, and a perpetual change of service and ceremonial.

A profound silence and an unvarying look and posture announced the self-recollection and mental devotion of the Quakers.

Mr. Ambrose led his son Edwin around all these different assemblies as a spectator. Edwin viewed every thing with great attention, and was often impatient to ask his father the meaning of what he saw; but Mr. Ambrose would not suffer him to disturb any of the congregations even by a whisper.

When they had gone through the whole, Ed-

win found a great number of questions to put to his father, who explained every thing to him as well as he could.

At length, says Edwin, "But why cannot all these people agree to go to the same place, and worship God in the same way?"

"And why should they agree?" replied his father. "Do you not see that people differ in a hundred other things? And they have a right to worship God in that way and manner which they think best. It is their own business, and concerns none but themselves."

"But has not God ordered particular ways of worshipping him?"

"He has directed with what mind and spirit he is to be worshipped, but not in what particular form and manner. That is left for every one to choose for himself.

"All these people like their own way best; and why should they leave it for the choice of another? The forms and ceremonies of religion are among the things in which *mankind were made to differ.*"

The several congregations now began to be dismissed, and the street was again filled with persons of all the different sects, going promiscuously to their respective homes.

It chanced that a poor man fell down in the

street, in a fit of apoplexy, and lay as if dead. His wife and children stood round him, crying and lamenting, in the bitterest distress.

The beholders immediately flocked round, and, with looks and expressions of the warmest sympathy, gave their help.

A Churchman raised the man from the ground by lifting him, while a Dissenter held his head and wiped his face with a handkerchief.

A Roman Catholic lady took out her smelling-bottle and assiduously applied it to his nose. A Methodist ran for a doctor. A Quaker supported and comforted the woman, and a Baptist took care of the children.

Edwin and his father were among the spectators. "Here," said Mr. Ambrose, "is a thing in which *mankind were made to agree.*"

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## LESSON LVII.

### *The Creator's Works.*

THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light  
    Illumes the distant earth,  
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,  
    But mercy gave it birth.

There's not a cloud whose dew's distil  
Upon the parching clod,  
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,  
That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,  
In ocean deep, or air,  
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;  
For God is every where.

Around, beneath, below, above,  
Wherever space extends,  
There Heaven displays its boundless love.  
And power with mercy blends.



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